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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Il Duce's Latest Conquest

Why has Mussolini invaded Albania? An answer is not easy. The country is not rich in agricultural or mineral resources—except for some low-grade petroleum—and has virtually no industry. It is about the size of Maryland, and contains approximately 1,000,000 inhabitants.

One might suppose he had some strategic objective. It is said that by possessing the eastern shore of the Adriatic he can bottle up that sea and so keep Yugoslav trade at his mercy. But he already controlled the Straits of Otranto and had sufficient naval bases. If it is encirclement of the Slavs by land that he wants, the new conquest would seem to provide it, since they now will find the Rome-Berlin powers on three fronts. Or he might be thought to regard Albania as a base for the penetration of the Balkans and Greece to the eastward. These considerations are weakened, however, by the fact that successive ranges of rugged mountains traverse the country from north to south and are virtually impassable; there are no railroads, motor roads or even passes connecting Albania and Yugoslavia. Modern mechanized troops, whether with tanks or planes, could not penetrate this region. The Italians could, however, move southeastward by an old Roman road—now a fair motor highway—that leads to the Greek port of Salonika. Do they want to take the risk of such a march?

The puzzle is further complicated by the fact that Albania was already substantially a vassal of Italy. Why was it necessary to make war against the country to establish a protectorate? Our guess is that Mussolini is acting like a small boy who has to maintain his prestige by licking somebody. Having failed to bully France, he had lost face. A new conquest was necessary just for the sake of military glory, and to show that he was not intimidated. He therefore turned upon the smallest, weakest and nearest victim—and the one that nobody else would defend.

Elegy for Albania

This new step in empire-building may serve the purpose of prodding Greece and the Balkans into some more definite connection with the anti-Hitler bloc. Or, on the other hand, it may serve further to intimidate them, by the mere fact that one of the Axis powers has moved forward again without meeting effective opposition. But it is not likely in itself to arouse profound moral indignation on the part of the foreign-office professionals in London and Paris. They themselves allotted Albania to Italy in the secret treaties which bribed what was then a "democratic" nation to enter the World War on the side of the Allies.

In spite of these hard facts of *Realpolitik*, the plain people of the world must have sympathy and admiration for the Albanians, who with their pathetically inadequate forces resisted the bully. Albania is not a democracy—King Zog himself was an autocratic ruler attempting by violence to subdue the mountaineers, who still govern their affairs by a sort of tribal code. But this proud and ancient people have always

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defended their right to live as they please, and have never really been governed by outsiders. They are supposed to be of Indo-European origin, the oldest pure nationality in Europe with the possible exception of the Spanish Basques. Their independent existence antedates ancient Greece and Rome. It is difficult to believe that they will now practise the Fascist salute or learn to heil Hitler. They are likely to remain Albanians long after the dictators have passed away.

Neutrality Revision

Congress must do something about the Neutrality Act quickly, because war may break out in Europe any day, and the "cash-and-carry" provision expires automatically on May 1. That would leave us embargoing munitions to all sides, but would allow American ships to enter war zones, carrying anything else belligerents might order, and would permit the warring nations to float loans here. Former Secretary of State Stimson has testified in favor of the Thomas amendment, which would give the President discretion to apply embargoes only against aggressors who had broken treaties, but not against others. It is unlikely that the American people are ready thus to allow any President to lead them into danger of war. It would be sensible, in the absence of time to reconsider the whole matter, to leave the law substantially as it stands by reënacting the cash-and-carry provision. One objection to this course is that if Britain and France were suddenly attacked they might need the planes they have already ordered here. To meet this objection a clause might be inserted permitting belligerents to ship, at their own expense and risk, any munitions already on order when war breaks out. Some desire to go further than this and permit belligerents to continue buying munitions, on the cash-and-carry plan. But there is still time to consider that, when we know more concerning what the war aims are and who is on what side.

Immigrants, Speak Up!

A number of bills dealing with the civil rights of aliens are before the House and Senate. Many of them are extremely bad. The Dempsey bill, one of the worst examples, has already been passed by the House without debate and without a record vote. It provides for the immediate deportation of all aliens who believe in or belong to an organization which advocates any fundamental changes in the American form of government. If it passes in the Senate and is signed, it will open the way for raids upon the non-citizen membership of labor unions and political organizations—as undoubtedly was the intent of the Dies committee representative who introduced it.

Congressman Dickstein of New York has introduced a similar bill, except that it denies naturalization to "any person who believes in or belongs to an organization which ..." etc.

The Reynolds bills, which have been heard before the Senate Subcommittee on Immigration, provide for a 90-percent reduction of every immigration quota (to rule out the possibility of admitting any of the refugees), apply quota restrictions to Latin Americans and Canadians, prohibit the entry of immigrants unless accompanied by their immediate families, provide blanket authorization to the Secretary of State to exclude anybody he regards as "inimical to the public interest" and prescribes tests for immigrants "equivalent to the normal rating of American White stock."

Senate Resolution 408 calls for the registration and fingerprinting of all aliens, and for notification of every change in address. S.R. 409 goes a few steps farther and would suspend all immigration into the United States for ten years or until the number of unemployed does not exceed 3,000,000. There are countless other bills, all variations on the same theme. Who wants them passed? A motley of super-patriots, crackpots and bad economists, who find the alien a convenient scapegoat. But all Americans are immigrants. Let us older immigrants speak now in support of the younger ones.

The TVA Isn't Criminal

The politically trumped-up charges against the TVA have fizzled, as we knew they would. The congressional committee investigating them has pronounced the TVA not guilty, although Republican minority members loyally stick to their mud-slinging. Yet so completely absent was any evidence of wrongdoing, and so obvious was it that the whole controversy originated in temperamental differences between Chairman Morgan and the other members of the Board, that one thing becomes clearer than ever before. It is that the chief motive for puffing up a scandal was the fear of the utility companies that the TVA would force them to give better service at lower rates. Anyone who is still interested can find out all about it by consulting the voluminous record. We don't believe that many will do so.

Who's Running Spain?

Anyone who thinks Franco's Spain is independent of its Fascist allies should notice the rate of exchange of the peseta. It is being quoted at 11.13 cents in this country, but there is no trading at that price; importers from Spain pay for their goods in dollars. If they were to do business in Franco's money, a rate of from four to five cents would be necessary. The high value fixed for the peseta is extremely unfavorable for the development of Spanish export trade. Why, then, is the rate not dropped?

One reason is that Franco's debt to the Axis powers is twice as large as it would be if the peseta were allowed to seek its natural level. Naturally the Axis powers want to keep it as big as possible, at any cost to Spain. A second explanation is that Spain's handicap in trading with other countries makes her more eager

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to swap with Germany—the rate of exchange does not affect, of course, Germany's barter method. Not trading with others, Spain will have more goods to barter for German machinery. That is not to the advantage of Spain, you will say, but to the advantage of Germany. Right.

The Almost United Auto Workers

The skies are clearing for the United Auto Workers. When Homer Martin was expelled and announced his own rump convention, it was fairly widely reported that the UAW was split down the middle, "pro-Martin" and "anti-Martin." The overwhelming repudiation of Martin's powwow by the locals, and its resulting feebleness, shook this conception badly. Now it has been completely shattered by the successful convention of the UAW. What happened was that thousands of men who had previously been admirers and supporters of Martin left him flat as soon as his anti-CIO policy, his tie-up with Bennett and Ford and his disruptive activities became clear. These men sent their delegates to the UAW convention and, with the excellent advice of Philip Murray and Sidney Hillman, CIO vice-presidents, the convention solved its problems successfully.

Factions don't die easily, however, and the convention had its dangerous moments. The CIO advised in every case for a real compromise, with both sides making some sacrifice for unity. When it was proposed that two of the three vice-presidencies be eliminated, the CIO suggested dropping all three, and this prevented a possible factional fight. A large majority elected R. J. Thomas to the presidency he has held temporarily since January, and George F. Addes as secretary-treasurer. In contrast to this healthy picture, Martin had to discharge thirty-five organizers because he couldn't meet his headquarters' payroll. All the dictators, even the littlest ones, seem to have money troubles.

For April Gardeners

Let's forget Europe for a moment.

One of the real changes in American life during the last ten years has been the spread of backyard flower gardens. With fewer men employed in factories, and the employed men working fewer hours, there has been more time for planting and pruning. The Lynds report, in their "Middletown in Transition," that our small industrial cities have begun to assume a more civilized look. This outward change points to an inward change that is even more important. For your flower gardener is not a pioneer, a migrant, a plunger; not the sort of American you read about in romantic novels. He is a homekeeping person who smokes a pipe, plays with the kids and tries to make the best of his local opportunities for pleasant living.

and got some interesting notes on flower gardening from the standpoint of professional seedsmen. Burpees reported that their total business declined only a little during the depression, and rose only a little in the years of partial recovery; in 1938 it was 102.5 percent of what it had been ten years before. But the sale of vegetable seeds had fallen off—probably because market gardens were taking the place of kitchen gardens—whereas the sale of flower seeds had risen sharply. Sweet peas, which used to hold first place among the flowers, are no longer in great demand; they are too hard to raise, was Burpees' explanation. The new favorites are marigolds, zinnias and petunias. Nurserymen to whom we have spoken report a growing sale for rose bushes and flowering shrubs. It is nice to think that some of our thorniest years have also had their roses.

News Notes of a Week

President Albert LeBrun of France was reëlected by the National Assembly, receiving 506 votes out of a total of 904. Socialists, Communists, some Radical Socialists and others voted against him in protest at the way his candidacy had been forced on the Assembly by Premier Daladier. . . . The Burgos government announced Spain's adherence to the anti-Comintern pact of Germany, Italy and Japan. In Berlin it was said that Franco's government had signed the pact March 27. . . . King Zog of Albania said: "There are in Europe today two madmen who are disturbing the entire world —Hitler and Mussolini. There are in Europe two damn fools who sleep—Chamberlain and Daladier."

The United States will offer to exchange 2,000,000 bales of surplus cotton and up to 100,000,000 bushels of carry-over wheat for large supplies of rubber and tin, according to Senator Byrnes. The offer will be made to England, Holland and Belgium, and perhaps to other countries. . . . Hearings on proposals to amend the National Labor Relations Act began April 11, before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor. The AFL, the National Association of Manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States will offer amendments. The CIO will lead the defense of the bill, assisted by some AFL unions. . . . The long and exciting career of Johnny Torrio, once Al Capone's boss and one of the few surviving big shots of the prohibition era, came to an end April 11 when he pleaded guilty to a federal charge of tax evasion. . . . Another big shot, Boss Thomas J. Pendergast of Kansas City, Missouri, has been indicted for alleged violation of the federal income-tax law. . . . A crowd estimated at 75,000 heard Marian Anderson sing at the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C. Constitution Hall, where the Daughters of the American Revolution would not permit Miss Anderson to sing, holds about 2,800. Her last song was "Nobody Knows the

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The Stop-Hitler Alliance

THE HASTY EFFORT of Chamberlain to repair the mistake of Munich still has to overcome many obstacles. If it can succeed at all, will it succeed in time? Or, if it succeeds on paper, may it not fall apart with the exercise of more intrigue and pressure from Rome and Berlin?

In the case of Poland, the difficulties are clear enough. The military understanding between Poland and the western powers is insufficient to confront Hitler with overwhelming force. These allies would scarcely be sure of winning a war without the aid of the Soviet Union. But the Poles are almost as much afraid of the Russians as they are of the Germans. Their policy has long been to balance one enemy against the other, bargaining with each as occasion offered. Would they consent to allow Soviet troops to enter their territory, apprehensive as they are that those troops, once in, would never retire? Would the ruling classes welcome as an ally the people who overthrew their counterparts at home, who have collectivized agriculture and socialized industry? It is at least a possibility that the wily Colonel Beck will in the end use his new alliance merely as a bargaining point in gaining better terms from Germany than would otherwise be possible, when the final threat of the Axis dictators is made.

Rumania is similarly dubious. She snatched Bessarabia from the Soviet Union after the War and is suspicious of her eastern neighbor. She realizes that Hungary also has scores to settle with her. She is fully exposed to German power, both military and economic. The reported agreement by which Turkey will allow British warships to come to her aid through the Bosphorus is something, but hardly enough to counteract these other pressures. Rumania could probably hold out against invasion if assured of full assistance from the Soviet Union and Turkey, but would she accept that assistance, and would it be forthcoming? And what, in that case, would happen to her export markets? Success of the stop-Hitler alliance in this area is doubtful and, in any case, could result only from the most delicate of negotiations.

Hungary, as a victimized and "unsatisfied" power, has long been oriented towards Germany, and is even a member of the anti-Comintern alliance. She would not relish German rule, to be sure, and she will think twice before allowing the troops of the Reich to use her as a military base for an attack against Rumania. But she has territorial claims against her eastern neighbor. Will her new friendship with Poland, and potential concessions from King Carol, swing her away from the Axis? Possibly, but such an achievement would be a triumph of expert and vigorous diplomacy.

Bulgaria, like Hungary an ally of Germany in the man wrath without more compensation and protection than it will be easy to give her.

Yugoslavia, by tradition and temperament, is an enemy of both Germany and Italy. But 40 percent of her exports are now taken by the Reich, and it would be difficult to find other markets. In case of war she would be bottled up in the Adriatic, with no land outlets to the west. She is also a possible victim of her own minority problem—that of the Croats, who are to all intents and purposes a subject nationality. The Croats are not fascistically inclined, but if the problem is not settled quickly—as it scarcely will be—the Germans might use their national aspirations to dismember Yugoslavia. The new Slav state is exposed to the full power of both German and Italian arms, and will scarcely dare to take a stand without more military and economic help than can easily reach it.

Greece is a dictatorship which, in spite of the hostility of its people toward Germany and Italy, has in recent years shown a tendency to play with the Reich. Mussolini, with his aspirations for a Mediterranean empire, no doubt has marked this nation for his own, just as Germany will be granted the interior and the eastern seaboard of the Balkan Peninsula. British and French sea power may be a more effective counter in persuading Greece to resist than in the case of the Balkan countries, but even Greece is an unknown quantity.

None of the northern or western nations will enter the new British-led alliance. Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden have resolved to maintain their neutrality if possible. Abandonment of that course would invite German attack. If they are invaded they will probably resist, and it is already known that in that event the smaller western nations will be supported by Britain and France. But they cannot be counted upon to isolate German aggression economically and, if they should become engaged in war, their resistance would probably be hopeless unless Germany had to meet powerful enemies on the east.

The keys to the situation are, primarily, the Soviet Union, and, secondarily, Turkey. Their aid is essential to a military alliance strong enough to give Hitler and Mussolini pause and strong enough to defeat them both if they insist on making war. But will these eastern powers close the circle? The Soviet Union has been, until a few weeks ago, systematically isolated by the western powers. Before Munich she was still ready to coöperate in resistance against aggression. After Munich, who knows? She distrusts Chamberlain and Daladier. She reciprocates the distrust of Poland and Rumania. Her statesmen may easily believe that it is now too late to stop Germany in central and southeastern Europe. They may have concluded that the place to stop her is the Russian frontier, and that beyond this no German army command will ever consent to go. It is abstractly possible for Germany and

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two nations complement each other. There is no doubt that German diplomacy is now working as skillfully and expertly in Moscow as British. And the Russians have at least as many scores to settle with British imperialism as with German. If they think the British and French "democracies" have missed the boat, they will not grieve too deeply. Without the Soviet Union, Turkey would be unlikely to join hands with the western powers.

So may be sketched in the sparsest of terms the problem that Chamberlain—if he is as sincere and energetic as he seems to be in his new anti-Hitler drive—will have to solve. One may be permitted to doubt whether he is intelligent and agile enough to bring off a solution. In these negotiations, speed is the great essential. If obstacles and uncertainties prolong the process of forging the new chain about Hitler and Mussolini, but they fear that in the end it will hold, the dictators are likely to attack before it is too late. That will mean either war or ignominious surrender by Britain and France. If Rome and Berlin believe that Chamberlain will fail, or that the chain will not hold in time of crisis, they may bide their time and play for another Munich. That would be almost equally disastrous in the end. The only development that now seems to embody promise for the peace of Europe without hopeless surrender to Fascist conquest would be an overwhelming combination against further aggression, presented to Germany and Italy as an accomplished fact before they can strike again.

Apex of Injustice

THE VERDICT of a United States district court awarding damages of $711,932 to the Apex Hosiery Company against a section of American Federation of Hosiery Workers should give pause to those anti-union forces who have been resorting to the curious argument that unions ought to be incorporated or licensed so that they might have the same financial responsibility for their acts as a business concern. The truth is that unions are and always have been subject to damage suits, regardless of incorporation. The justice of this verdict is, however, another matter.

The hosiery workers have long been one of the most progressive unions in the country, maintaining peaceful relations with the bulk of the employers and being solicitous of the interests of the industry as a whole. The Apex Hosiery Company had held out against collective bargaining, contrary to the spirit of the Wagner act. A strike by its employees broke out to induce the company to come within the fold of industrial constitutionalism. Here we have an employer acting unlawfully, and labor seeking to obtain its legal rights. It happened that the strikers, most of them not yet members of the union, resorted to the sitdown, which had not then been declared illegal by the Supreme Court. The strike was settled and a closed-shop contract eventually resulted.

But the company, in combating the strike, had entered suit against the union under the anti-trust laws, and did not abandon the action. The federal jury now awards damages to the company for losses incurred during the strike—including overhead expenses and loss of profits—and these damages are automatically tripled because under the Sherman law the strike was adjudged a "restraint of trade." Thus workers defending their rights against an employer are subjected to punitive damages as if they were a profit-seeking monopoly.

No wonder the labor movement is mobilizing to fight this decision through to the Supreme Court. If it stands, employers will be able to resist organization of labor almost with impunity, all laws to the contrary notwithstanding. For no union will dare to authorize or assist a strike, lest some sporadic action occur that a court would regard as unlawful, lest on this account the whole cost of the strike to the employer be assessed against the union, and lest these damages be increased threefold on the preposterous theory that a union is a wicked trust when in pursuit of its rights it causes interruption even of a small percent of production in an industry whose products are sold across state lines.

Test Vote on Anti-Semitism

IS HOSTILITY TOWARD THE JEWISH PEOPLE growing in this country? The question is widely discussed, and it ought to be. If for any reason anti-Semitism is increasing in the United States, those of us who despise religious and racial intolerance need to know why and where and to what extent. There is no hope of defeating prejudice by pretending that it doesn't exist. And those who argue that it is best to be still about anti-Semitism, on the ground that the discussion may fill people's heads with the wrong ideas, thereby expose the weakness of their own convictions. Anti-Semitism depends upon secrecy and untruth. Its myths can be destroyed only by widely publishing the facts of the matter.

In its April issue Fortune magazine publishes the results of a survey it has made, using the sample-poll technique. The Fortune surveyors asked, for the second time in six months, the question: "Do you believe that in this country hostility toward the Jewish people is growing or not?" Here are the results they got:

APRIL, 1939	Percent	NOVEMBER, 1938	Percent
Growing hostility	33.2	Growing hostility	32.5
Hostility not growing .	45.7	Little hostility	52.5

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The statistics at first glance seem reassuring. They indicate that a substantial plurality of the voters, in both instances, believe that anti-Semitism is not growing. But the Fortune poll is neither the final word on the subject nor just cause for relaxed vigilance on the part of those who are fighting anti-Jewish prejudice. The tabulated results show, for one thing, a considerable increase in the number of those who are doubtful about the subject. "This may mean," says Fortune, "that people are sensing at least a greater insecurity for Jews in America without actually putting it down as a growing public dislike for them."

Furthermore, Fortune's breakdown of the opinions into geographic and occupational groups shows that people who think hostility toward the Jews is growing constitute majorities among the following groups: white-collar workers, the inhabitants of the Northeast and people in all cities ranging from populations of 25,000 to over 1,000,000.

The people Fortune questioned may not know much about the right answer. They may, for numerous reasons, conceal their real opinions from the researchers. Whatever their opinions are worth, the fact that urban white-collar workers in the industrialized Northeast believe anti-Semitism is increasing is profoundly disturbing. Intrinsically, anti-Jewish prejudice is revolting. But it is particularly upsetting to find this possible gap in our armor of defense against the much discussed bugaboo, an American fascist party of important stature.

The Fortune poll asked a second question: What do you feel is the reason for hostility toward Jewish people here or abroad? And the tabulated answers:

	National		*Jewish*	
	total			
Reasons favorable to Jews	%	%	%	%
People are jealous and envious of Jews' accomplishments	5.5		17.2	
Jews too clever and successful, have too much ability to make money	4.7		2.5	
People who are against Jews are mean, narrow-minded, ignorant, crazy	1.5		10.8	
Other favorable to Jews	1.1	12.8	5.1	35.6
Reasons unfavorable to Jews				
Jews—				
control and monopolize enterprise, hoard money, have too much power	13.0		8.9	
are unfair and dishonest in business; they cheat and swindle	6.4		1.3	
are too grasping, covetous, avaricious, cheap	5.6			
own fault: their manners, characteristics and attitudes cause people to resent them	4.9		3.2	
are clannish, non-mixers; not good citizens, interested only				
are aggressive, energetic. Too aggressive	2.6		2.5	
are overbearing, forward, noisy	1.9			
are lazy, parasitic, won't do manual labor or pioneer	1.1			
Other unfavorable	2.4	42.3	1.9	19.1
External and neutral reasons				
Religious and racial prejudice	3.7		3.2	
Germans, Hitler, dictatorship	2.6		5.1	
Biblical prophecy being fulfilled; will of God—persecuted race.	2.1		.6	
Financial status of Germany; needs Jewish money to carry on	2.0		8.3	
Propaganda, agitation	2.0		11.5	
Political move; Jews made scapegoat to divert attention from defects of Nazism	1.1		7.6	
Subjugation of minorities; fear of overthrow, desire for sole control	.6		1.9	
Other, general	2.0	16.1	6.4	44.6
Don't know		43.3		22.9
Total (including multiple answers)		114.5		122.2

If the figures do no more, they show the bewildering complexity of the problem. "Anti-Semite" as a generic term or as a smear-word means next to nothing. There must be a dozen classes of anti-Semites, all overlapping on their nearest neighbors, and each composed of individuals with peculiar aberrations. And yet, if the prejudice can be fought with reason at all, each anti-Semite must be presented with the specific antidote for his special conviction.

Fortune fixes the lower and upper limits of the number of Americans who "carry the symptoms of latent anti-Semitism" at 18.7 and 33.4 percent of the total population. You may laugh at Fortune's nerve in employing tenths of one percent with such an unstatistical subject. But there is nothing funny about the main implications of this survey.

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Will Chamberlain Stick It Out?

ADOLF HITLER by the final destruction of the Czech Republic performed a miracle. He moved the British governing class to something that resembled disinterested anger. How long will it last, how far will it go and how quickly will it move? The National Government was faced for a few days with a revolt among its own supporters, nor could it forget that a general election is due six months hence. It realized that its policy of "appeasement" had become for the average man as odious as it is ridiculous. Accordingly it mobilized all its verbal reserves, with every demonstration of moral indignation. Though it rejected as "premature" the Russian proposal of a conference to organize defense, it did suggest to France, Poland and Russia a joint public declaration, which should affirm their determination to "consult" one another in the event of any further act of aggression.

While London made these motions with the dilatory majesty that becomes it, Herr Hitler struck again. Memel was annexed, under a threat to bomb Lithuania's capital, and nothing whatever happened. Is Mr. Chamberlain repeating the maneuver which Mr. Baldwin performed with such success in 1935, when he won the last general election by a promise to back the League and rescue Ethiopia? Will he manage to throw on the skepticism of Poland or Russia, which trust his word as little as they trust Hitler's, the blame for the failure of a well meaning effort? Or will he, however slowly and reluctantly, advance from "consultation" to definite "commitments"?

The anger of the pro-German Tories, however momentary, was none the less sincere. Hitler had "let them down," and made them look foolish, for they had stood surety for him. It was their thesis that if he were permitted to revise the iniquitous Versailles Treaty in his own rough way, he would become a pillar of order in Europe. If ever he called up his troops again, it would be against Communist Russia. They worked, therefore, in the belief that a lasting understanding between the British Empire and the Third Reich was immediately attainable. The naval treaty, which had permitted Germany to build up to 35 percent of the British tonnage in surface ships and up to 100 percent in submarines, was the first concrete expression of this attitude. It meant that Germany was not regarded as a possible adversary. The failure, up to the fall of last year, to prepare any serious defense against aerial attack was even more significant. Finally, in concert with Downing Street, on the day Hitler entered Prague, the Federation of British Industries concluded what was in effect a defensive and offensive alliance with German industry, which might be used to counter Amer- her economic strength, but her weakness. It was designed to buttress the Nazi regime, lest it should totter under its financial load and give place to a revolution.

Here lay the core of British policy, its new phase of parasitic imperialism. It will share markets with the Nazi Empire, invest in China in the wake of Japan's armies and buy its way into Spain by a loan to Franco. This particular Tory group represented the City and big business, and Mr. Chamberlain was its man. Nothing deflected it from its purpose. It excused the rape of Austria. It was complacent over the Munich betrayal. It rejoiced in the destruction of the Spanish Republic. Any regret it may have felt over the persecution of the Jews was quickly forgotten. Nor was Mr. Chamberlain's personal reaction to the final destruction of the Czech Republic either hostile or prompt. In his first statement in the House he did, indeed, say that he "bitterly regretted it," but he expressly exonerated Hitler from any charge of breach of faith, and said that he proposed to continue his policy of appeasement.

Two days later, in his speech at Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain changed his tone, stressed the breach of faith and even hinted at counter-measures, if it should turn out that Hitler was following a policy of domination. This speech was written for him in the Foreign Office. Behind this reversal stood in acute discomfort a divided party. The Tory Party had never been single-minded. The aristocrats, with Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden at their head, had always taken a more spirited attitude than the business men. They inherit a traditional attitude in European politics, and long ago they divined that Hitler had the makings of a coarser and more brutal Napoleon. The permanent staff of the Foreign Office was, on the whole, of their way of thinking. Up to this last crisis, Mr. Chamberlain went his own way with scant regard for these heretics. This limited and pedestrian mind possesses immense self-confidence. With no previous study of history or of Europe, he took over the management of foreign policy and chose as his adviser a civil servant, Sir Horace Wilson, who had in this field no experience whatever. It is possible that much that is mysterious and pitiful in recent British policy is due in part to intellectual inadequacy. Mr. Chamberlain came no nearer than the man in the street to understanding that the national independence of Czecho-Slovakia was destroyed last October. In any event, as he naïvely declared in a radio talk, this was a remote country "about which we know nothing."

Today the most limited of Englishmen, even if they are Ministers, grasp two outstanding facts—that Hitler will break any pledge, however public and how-

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sion of the whole German race within the Reich. It is probable, indeed, that he aims consciously at the restoration of the Holy Roman Empire. As an undisciplined and ill educated youth he spent much of his leisure in poring over history books. He is a public danger precisely because he is a romantic, with a lively historical imagination. Your correspondent recollects vividly the alarm with which he heard on the radio the conclusion of the speech at Nuremberg that celebrated the annexation of Austria. Hitler had been bellowing, as usual, like a wounded wild beast. Suddenly his voice changed, and in the sentimental tones of a dreaming adolescent he announced that he had brought from Vienna the crown of the Holy Roman Empire. What followed was sufficiently disconcerting to any listener who recollected how wide was the sway of that venerable if ramshackle institution. That captured crown was for Hitler the justification for his conquest of Prague.

The alarm that seized London after the fall of Prague took concrete shape in a belief that Rumania may soon be overrun. The ironical aspect of this panic will escape no attentive onlooker. Two democracies, each with rich gifts to bestow on European culture, have been destroyed with the complicity of British diplomacy. No one, even in the present rush of anger, proposes to lift a finger to help the Czechs or the Spaniards. But there is a widespread feeling that the independence of this Balkan land, with its unsavory government and its sterile culture, is a cause for which Englishmen might die. The reason is readily intelligible. A secure monopoly of Rumanian oil, wheat, minerals and vegetable fats would enable Germany to endure a long war. The story of an ultimatum, designed to turn Rumania into a protected colony of the Reich, seems to have been an exaggeration. But pressure was certainly used to achieve the comprehensive scheme of economic penetration now embodied in a treaty. At the appropriate moment, possibly when the snows have melted on the Carpathians, Hungary may be used for a further advance. The Croats, in their perennial quarrel with the Serbs, are losing patience. Hitler might be tempted to rescue them from the tyranny of Belgrade, as he rescued the Slovaks from the mild federal supremacy of Prague. That feat, if he dared attempt it, would bring him down to the Adriatic, with a threat to which the Italian, French and British empires would all be sensible.

The measure of Tory alarm is that at this eleventh hour the National Government professes its readiness to return to the expedient of "collective security," which in its early years it first sabotaged and then repudiated. In a somewhat tentative speech Lord Halifax, whose approach to public questions is primarily ethical, pioneered in this direction. The Cabinet is known to be divided. Some would take a risk to check Hitler, but only if he should cross the Turkish Straits and threaten the Balkans. As for Mr. Chamberlain, one doubts whether in his own mind this obstinate man has reversed, though he has been driven to postpone and conceal his policy of appeasement. If he dare not at the moment fraternize with Germany, Italy is still a possible object for such attentions. It was, none the less, a portent that Lord Halifax should at last have included Russia among the Powers whom he would "consult." This was the first step towards reality, for without the backing of her man-power and air-power the two western empires are hopelessly outclassed in facing the Axis. But Russia, after the bitter experience of Munich, cannot assume the coöperation of Britain and France without detailed and serious guarantees.

Poland is in a still more delicate position. Encircled as she now is on three frontiers by German territories or satellites, she dared not abandon her policy of opportunism and commit herself to one of resistance, unless her soldiers could foresee in advance the precise measures, on land, air and sea, that Britain, France and Russia would take in any predictable crisis. There must result definite commitments which would operate automatically. She would begin to believe that Englishmen meant business, if they were to adopt compulsory national service. That is the French view also, and nothing short of this would make much impression on the Axis.

Prediction at such a moment is a rash adventure. Your correspondent doubts, however, whether Mr. Chamberlain is ready yet for an alliance with Russia firm enough to erect a strong barrier against future aggression, save on the western fringe of Europe, a term which excludes Spain. Some Tories are eager for conscription, which is for them what his dictatorial powers are for M. Daladier, chiefly a means of imposing discipline on the working class. It could not be done without the Labor Party's consent, and this it will not give until England is actually involved in war. It has no thought of using its immense potential influence to bargain over policy. It has thrown its whole weight behind the Government's plans for voluntary service of every kind, without conditions. A spirited party would have said: "We will back ungrudgingly a government we can trust and a policy we can approve, alike in the munition factories and in its efforts to recruit a greater army. We will even, if need be, consent to conscription, but not for the men and not for the policies that have ruined Spain and betrayed the Czechs." By such an attitude, if it had been adopted a year ago, both these democracies could have been saved, for it would have brought to power a combination of new men and other parties. The Labor Party, absorbed in its heresy hunt against Sir Stafford Cripps, is no nearer making it today. Because it will not make common cause with the Liberals, in acts it supports the National Government which in words it denounces.

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I Was Hitler's Buddy: III

This is the last instalment of a memoir by Reinhold Hanisch, an Austrian painter who knew Hitler when both men were living on charity in Vienna.—THE EDITORS

HITLER was conscious of being a government official's son. He repeatedly said of the workers that they were an indolent mass that cared about nothing but eating, drinking and women. He thought a revolution could only be the work of a student class, as in 1848. I answered that he should get acquainted with workers when they came home from work, tinkering, making odd inventions and improving their education. I said that he didn't know the real workers at all, but merely the bachelors. Actually he was unable to form an opinion of workers because he had no opportunity to meet them. All this time he lived in the Home, and such a place has great disadvantages. The mass of people there are largely an assembly of rabble and a real workingman doesn't stay there long. He looks for board in a private house to enjoy family life. Only loafers, drunkards and the like stay for a long time in such a home. And workers paid little attention to Hitler because they found his debates quite foolish. Besides, the reading room there was seldom used by workers. I wanted to prove to Hitler that workers were not so indolent, and pointed to Halske and Krupp, who rose from the bottom. Hitler said that they were exceptions, and that there were surely superior and inferior people. But I said that was not so. The workingman doesn't rise easily even if he has great abilities; there are highly gifted workers who have never been successful in life. Again Hitler mentioned the nobility, maintaining that they were the superior race, so I became angry and said that there were also idiots among the noblemen.

Hitler was even then an enemy of the Social Democrats. On May 1, 1910, a worker from the Kremenezky factory came into the reading room with a red carnation in his buttonhole, and told about the parade in the Prater he had been in. Hitler leaped to his feet, waving his hands wildly, and screamed in his regular way, "You should be thrown out; you should get a lesson!"

Everyone laughed at his excitement. If I had told him at that time that he himself would celebrate the First of May he would probably have killed me. Yes, but the end sanctions the means. Moreover, Hitler was then an enemy of any kind of terror. He condemned any kind of compulsion, and also strikes. He was also opposed to the contributions collected by the Social Democrats for their party organization, because he said these contributions enabled a lot of parasites to live a [illegible]

people. He declared that the state probably had no means to stop this, but that this unjustified greed for profit on the part of some people represented a great danger for the state. He also considered stock companies an evil, and thought that if an industry was getting too large it should be turned over to the state and the state should get the profits.

That he often talked nonsense is shown by a little episode. He was talking about Schopenhauer, and the old gentleman we called the professor asked Hitler if he had ever read Schopenhauer. Hitler turned crimson, and said that he had read some. The old gentleman said that he should speak about things that he understood. After that Hitler was careful not to talk where he would suffer a fresh rebuke.

I was often asked about Hitler's attitude toward women, and there were, even then, suspicions about it. But these were absolutely without foundation. Hitler had very little respect for the female sex, but very austere ideas about relations between men and women. He often said that, if men only wanted to, they could adopt a strictly moral way of living.

While he was still going to the technical high school in Linz he used often to call on a close friend, the son of a government official. And this friend's sister was Hitler's first love. She never knew it, because he never told her; he was the son of a minor official and she the daughter of a much higher one. Hitler was even astonished that the son of such a high official would be his friend. It was, incidentally, under this friend's influence that he became an admirer of Wagner.

But Hitler's high opinion of love and marriage, and his strong condemnation of men's disloyalty, didn't prevent him from having very small regard for women. He used to lecture us about this, saying every woman can be had. All you have to do, he said, is to wear your hat on the back of your head, so your face will be as visible as possible. And he himself did wear his derby on the back of his head. He often said that it was the woman's fault if a man went astray. A decent man can never improve a bad woman, but a woman can improve a man. Then he used to relate an experience he had had when he was very young, to prove his self-control. During one of his vacations from high school, in the country, he met a milkmaid who appealed to him, and who liked him, too. Once, as she was milking the cow and he was alone with her, she behaved rather foolishly. But Hitler suddenly thought of the eventual consequences and ran away, like the chaste Joseph, knocking over a big pot of fresh milk.

All during this time, of course, Hitler was living in the deepest misery in Vienna. He was so poor and so

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his poverty prevented him from having anything to do with women. Besides, his queer idealism about love would have kept him from any frivolous adventures. If there is any gossip about this, it is just slander. Hitler certainly wasn't the kind of man at that time for any girl to fall in love with. His poor clothes, the tangled hair falling down over his dirty collar, these are the reasons that he probably never knew any more than a yearning.

During this time Hitler was more engaged in debate than in painting. He was often ridiculed, and when I returned from peddling his cards all day I used to have to listen to his complaints. Of course I always advised him to do more work and less debating; I wanted to rent a small private room, in the hope that his will to work would improve if he got out of the Asylum. Too, Hitler's work, done under these conditions, was of very poor quality and made selling very difficult. I could never sell a picture in the better shops. In the suburbs I was paid three to five kronen a picture, and even so I was glad to find a buyer.

Hitler often promised to become more diligent, but as soon as I went out in the morning he went back to his old practices. In the morning he wouldn't begin work until he'd read several newspapers, and if anyone should come in with another newspaper he'd read that too. Meanwhile the orders I brought in weren't carried out. But if I reproached him he only said that an artist needed inspiration. Once I told him, to his great dismay, that he was no artist. The sort of work he did wasn't the work of artists but of daubers.

He could never stand any criticism of his paintings. Once he painted a picture of sea surf, with some rocks, and handed it to me telling me to take it to Ebedeser on the Opernring. Mr. Ebedeser only said, "That's nothing, absolutely nothing." Then I often went with him to the City Hall Museum and showed him watercolors that he might use as models. He picked out those of lesser quality and remarked that they were no better than his. So I told him that he must not take the worst examples, but look at something by Richard Moser, or two interiors by Rudolf von Alt, the home of the painter Amerling and an altar painting, that hung there together. I pointed out the easy manner of this painting and compared the heavy way his turned out. He wouldn't listen to that, so later I told him that I had just been trying to help him progress and make money, and at last he realized this.

The Viennese views that Hitler painted in the Asylum were mostly patterned after postcards, using just a few patterns and always the same motifs. Once I had an order for him to paint the Church in the Gumpendorferstrasse, and, since a postcard wasn't to be found, I urged him to draw it from nature. We went down early one morning, but Hitler couldn't make the drawing. He used all sorts of excuses: it

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ing that he had had no academic background, I can explain his clumsiness. It is also characteristic of his watercolors that there are few figures in them.

On my rounds one day I went to a small manufacturer of frames in the Grosse Schiffgasse, a little street in the Jewish Ghetto. There I met a dealer in antiques called Siegfried Tausky, who showed me a silhouette on gilt glass and asked if I could do work like that. When I said I could he gave me a piece of the glass and I worked out a silhouette of a lady on it. Thereupon Tausky gave me a larger piece of glass and asked me to make a "Schubert evening concert" with a number of figures. As I didn't know at that time who Schubert was I turned this over to Hitler. He produced a postcard when I asked him how he was going to draw Schubert, and accepted the job. The next day I met Tausky again and he gave me another plate to work on. I worked on it all that day and the next day and finally finished it, and then went to get the other plate from Hitler. He hadn't finished, so I watched him work all the next day until it was done. When at last he gave it to me I asked him how much to charge for it, and he said a hundred kronen. I made him realize how impossible it was to get such an enormous sum; finally he told me to get as much as I could.

I reached an agreement with Tausky about the price, and he paid me, but I was amazed to find out that he liked my work better than Hitler's. He gave me steady work and offered me a fixed price. Though I was very glad that he was satisfied with the work, this whole episode upset me very much. Hitler fell very much in my esteem, since I had had so much confidence in his artistic abilities. I still lacked self-confidence and kept wondering if I could continue to do work good enough to satisfy Tausky, and I knew that I lacked the academic training Hitler said he had had. But in spite of all my doubts I had great hopes of freeing myself from these miserable surroundings and from the burden of a lazy man. For days I walked the streets restlessly.

Afterward I worked for years with Tausky.

Hitler wanted to know Tausky's address, because while working on the Schubert plate he had another new idea. He thought that by etching on gilded glass a new method might be found for the prevention of counterfeiting banknotes. In this case I think Hitler was right.

He noticed, no doubt, that there was something wrong with me, and asked me to give him a list of all my customers. But I refused, making excuses and putting him off on the pretext that I had urgent errands to run. Just then he had finished a watercolor of the Parliament in Vienna on which he had worked more attentively than usual, and hoped to sell in a better

on the shops; this time he went with me. But again all attempts were unsuccessful; I wasn't even asked the price. People shrugged their shoulders when I offered it to them, and one said that it was just too poor a piece of work. Hitler had expected a lot of it, so of course he was disconsolate, yet I couldn't find the words to console him.

And so he told me to go and sell the picture by myself. For days I walked around, getting very small offers, but still thinking I could get more for the picture. I felt sorry for Hitler; he had daubed for more than eight days at this. Finally he had no more money left and he urged me to sell it, so I got twelve kronen from the frame-maker Reiner. He gave me six kronen at once, and this I gave to Hitler, taking the six to come later as my share.

The next day I wanted to deliver something that had been ordered a fortnight before, a birthplace in Bohemia drawn from a photograph. The woman who was buying it was going to take it home as a gift and I had promised faithfully to deliver it on time, since Hitler had assured me that he would have it ready. When I asked him about it he told me a story about a political debate. Again he had not finished the work. This put me in the position of facing the woman as a liar, so I was very excited. At such laziness I was very angry and resentful.

Hitler said he needed to be in the mood for artistic work. I called him a hunger artist, and he called me a house servant, because I had once told him that I worked as a servant in Berlin. I replied that I was not ashamed of any kind of work; I had tried many different kinds and never shirked anything. After these quarrels I moved from the Asylum, looked for a private lodging and decided to work independently.

When I went to Reiner to collect the six kronen owing to me I found a gentleman in the shop asking Reiner who I was. Reiner told him that I had painted the Parliament, and the gentleman asked me to call on him at his home in Doebling. He was a bank director, and gave me a large order. Within a few days I delivered to him three watercolors that he approved, and he gave me an order for seventy watercolors of Austrian folk costumes. On my way home I was very happy, figuring out that the income of this work would mean quite a bit of money. I was in my best humor.

It was in the late afternoon, and everything seemed to me brighter and more beautiful. I was looking joyfully into the future. Then, on the Favoritenplatz, I met a postcard salesman named Loeffler, a Jew who also stayed in the Asylum and was one of Hitler's circle of acquaintances. I asked him what news there was from the Asylum, and he reproached me for having misappropriated a picture by Hitler. In astonishment I asked which picture he meant. Hitler, he told me, had said I defrauded him of the watercolor of the Parliament.

violent argument. In the middle of it a policeman walked up and Loeffler told the policeman what the argument was about, so he had us come with him to the Commissariat of Police. Since I had no identification papers I was held.

As I have said, Hitler had noticed that I was trying to get rid of him, because of his laziness, and had asked for the list of customers. I knew that Hitler was an irascible person, and I had been afraid that he would find me anywhere I went. If he lost his shelter in the Night Asylum because of his laziness I was afraid he would descend on me and be a burden to me. So for these reasons I had been living for several weeks under an assumed name. But at the police station, of course, they immediately discovered this, to my disaster. For at that time living under a false name in Vienna was a criminal offense.

But I still hoped that Hitler would clear up this error and that then the whole affair would turn out satisfactorily. I was taken to the Brigittenau Police Commissariat and confronted with Hitler. How great was my disappointment! Hitler, of whom I had thought so highly, whom I had helped so often, whose errands I had done, declared that I had misappropriated a watercolor of his worth fifty kronen. When I objected that I had given him his share of the twelve kronen paid for it he denied this. He denied, too, that he had told me to sell the picture as best I could. I testified that I had sold the picture to a dealer in the IXth District, but I didn't tell the dealer's name because I thought that if the bank director found out that it had not been I who had painted the Parliament he might withdraw the order he had given me.

At the trial two days later I had regained better spirits. I was asked again where I had sold the picture, and I withheld the name of the dealer as before. My prison mates had already told me that I would certainly be sentenced for living under a false name, so I didn't take much pains with my defense. Perhaps I could have pointed out that Hitler couldn't possibly paint a picture worth fifty kronen. I don't know whether this would have shattered Hitler's testimony immediately. The only desire I had was to get out of it as soon as possible, and I hadn't much confidence in the justice of my case. After all, I was a poor devil and I had lived under a false name. Appearances were against me. I was sure I'd be sentenced, so it all made no difference to me. Hitler persisted in his false accusation, and as the payment and the other things had all been arranged orally, I couldn't furnish any proof of my denials. I was sentenced to a short term. After the sentence had been passed I called to Hitler, "When and where will we see each other again to make a settlement?"

But I was reprimanded by the judge for this, and threatened with further punishment.

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first errand was to the picture-maker Reiner. The bank director had already been inquiring for the watercolors. So then I worked from early morning until late at night, with neither Sundays nor holidays.

One day I was in a coffeehouse in the Wallensteinstrasse and met an Italian who also lived in the Asylum. He recognized me as soon as he saw me and told me that Hitler was very much blamed on my account in the Asylum. He was in great need and was probably longing for another partner to help him. Here and there he was getting a little money. This, I thought, must be from the government pension I have already mentioned.

The Italian asked me why I hadn't called him as a witness. He had been sitting beside us, he said, and had heard Hitler urge me to sell the watercolor so that he could pay the rent. And he had met me the next day and been present when I gave Hitler the six kronen. He insisted that I must denounce Hitler for giving false witness. But I didn't follow his advice. Several years have passed since then, and I have discarded this dishonesty of Hitler from my mind. I have been ashamed to let the people I know now learn about this affair. Desire for revenge didn't dissipate my fear of gossip.

The painting of the Parliament still exists and is one of Hitler's better works. Most of them are shoddy trash, done with very little love for work. I could prove today what I was paid at that time, for the widow of the bank director could still tell about how much her husband would have paid for that picture.

The last time I met Hitler was in August, 1913, on the Wiedner Hauptstrasse. He had just sold some things to the art shop of Jacob Altenberg. Soon afterwards I left to go to Gablonz, in Bohemia, where I had some relatives, and I didn't come back to Vienna until 1918. But I often used to talk with my friends and acquaintances about the painter I had known called Hitler. It was a name like any other; no one recognized it.

One day I read in a newspaper that an Adolf Hitler was founding a political party in Munich. I went to see Mr. Altenberg, the dealer to whom he had sold things, and later I recognized Hitler's picture in the papers. But as I wasn't interested in politics it made no impression on me at all to discover that this was the same Adolf Hitler I had known.

There are a great many rumors about Hitler's past, stories that he was a paperhanger, stories that he was an architect. They are all untrue. This is the true story of Hitler's youth and the true story of the experiences he and I had together. I should emphasize that there are living people who can confirm everything I say.

Hitler discovered his love for the workers when he needed the votes of the masses. Whether this is a genuine love, or a deep love, I cannot say. It hasn't been the purpose of this story to attempt criticism of that kind.

REINHOLD HANISCH

"The Mind of Primitive Man"

Eighth of the "Books That Changed Our Minds"

IT WAS VOLTAIRE, I believe, who counseled us to reserve our respect for the dead and to honor the living by giving them a truthful assessment of their work. Assuredly he was correct in implying that something derogatory lurked in paying the living too great a respect, the slightest of suspicions that they had ceased to function and been relegated to the past. And what is true of individuals is even more obviously so of books, no matter how significant or how instrumental they may have been in molding opinion.

Clearly the task of the evaluator is at all times hard and beset with manifold difficulties and is a thankless one at best, for he must always be prepared to meet the accusation that, in some unexplained manner, he is largely responsible for the condition to which he calls attention. This is particularly true of all works dealing with the analysis and history of society.

Today we would all agree that nowhere is the basic conditioning of man more obvious than when he is dealing attempts to describe their activities and find reasons for them. A generation or so ago, however, this did not seem so apparent and many of those who concerned themselves with the social sciences regarded scientific objectivity as something self-evident, a state of mind that all rigorously trained thinkers acquired automatically by an honest contemplation of the facts and by hard and painstaking work. They took their task sternly, armed with what Franz Boas himself has suggestively termed a "cold enthusiasm for the truth." The primary requisite for the acquisition of an accurate record, they felt, depended not so much upon the observer or any special insight he possessed as upon the recognition of the true physiognomy that social facts assumed. These were always present and constituted discrete and objective realities outside of him. All that the facts demanded was to be given their own autonomy and to be properly arranged.

Admittedly this was no easy task, for not only did it

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did not take kindly to everyone. The obverse, that the observers might not take kindly to the facts, that their temperament and their often unconscious social-political conditioning might actually constrain them to take a somewhat willful attitude toward them—this never occurred as a possibility. Besides, one could rely upon the facts taking care of themselves and guarding their own integrity.

When Boas' "Mind of Primitive Man" appeared in 1911, so completely was the possibility of scientific objectivity accepted as an axiom and, moreover, so safe did the foundations of the society in which he lived appear, that only surprise and a kindly bewilderment greeted what he set before the American public. Yet he had formulated something of a revolutionary thesis that, properly speaking, should have shaken the world to its innermost core. If the data which he presented were accurate and their arrangement correct, then all of the accepted and cherished correlations that had been established between the various aspects of our civilization, not to speak of all our many evaluations, were wrong and had no inherent justification. If he was right, no guarantee existed, in fact, that they would persist. Indeed, reasons were advanced to show they were iniquitous to the heart and insulting to the mind and ought not to persist.

What Boas made clear was that the societies of the aboriginal populations of the world, as well as the activities and ideas developed in connection with them, when studied "objectively" and freed from the obvious distortions which had been introduced by observers who had certain theses to prove, played havoc with the basic correlations accepted as proved by contemporary opinion. He demonstrated conclusively that races and subraces were mixed and that they possessed no stability; that no language was, in any meaningful sense, superior to another or better capable of expressing ideas than another, and that no connection existed between the physical type of a given population, its language and the culture it developed.

The implications were plain. The explanation for differences in custom and belief was not then to be sought in the language people spoke or the physical type they possessed but in the way in which they combined and arranged the data at their disposal. This arrangement and correlation were as valid as our own. What appears strange and irrational to us in the world of primitive man is due to our inability to shake off the influences of the traditional culture in which we have been reared. If their civilizations seem on the whole inadequate, that can easily be accounted for. The accumulated knowledge on which they depend is not only quantitatively smaller, but is entangled in emotional adhesions, qualitatively much stronger than those existing among ourselves. It is this existence of multiple types of society, as the dangers inhering in any attempt to evaluate them ethically or arrange them historically.

Such, in brief, was the argument of "The Mind of Primitive Man." That it should have had little effect upon his contemporaries outside the immediate circle of his students and the universities is easily understood. What indeed was to become of a world from which the concept of an inherent connection between race and culture had been eliminated, or where inflectional languages, like the Indo-European and the Semitic, were to be put on a par with the agglutinative and polysynthetic idioms of American and African aborigines? Even as late as the 1920's, a Cambridge professor could still speak of the superiority of the Greek translation of Goethe's "Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh" over the original German because Greek was, after all, the more mature language. A distinguished archeologist could insist that the Nordic superiority in physique fitted its possessors to become the vehicles of a superior language.

If the world at large was impervious to Boas' message, American ethnology was not. To the early students he trained and influenced, his viewpoint meant a liberation from antiquated methods of approach and subjective evaluations. The essence of his method was, we have seen, to gather facts and ever more facts—ethnological, linguistic, anatomical—in as authentic as possible a manner, and permit them to speak for themselves, irrespective of the conclusions to which they led. There was to be no shrinking from conclusions even if they meant that cherished and generally accepted classifications and syntheses were proved to be inaccurate.

All this was like a breath of fresh air. If the emphasis was placed fairly exclusively on the obtaining of a proper record and if synthesis was eschewed for analysis, that seemed not only excusable but even justifiable. Under his stimulation ethnologists set to work to describe the facts "as they really were," to make no judgments and scrupulously to avoid generalizations as well as any attempts at arranging the facts in a historical sequence.

Yet to one aspect of his work they remained singularly unresponsive in any concrete way, namely its practical implications. To them "The Mind of Primitive Man" enunciated a new methodology to be used in the obtaining and understanding of ethnological data. Nothing else. Indeed, by implication, they felt it discouraged any active participation in the affairs of the world. The only legitimate method of changing the attitude of people toward such questions as race or cultural achievements, they contended, was to present them with the facts. To force them to act upon these facts was, however, not only outside the proper domain of the scientist and scholar, who were, after all, simply fact-finders, but definitely an infraction of their main thesis, that all viewpoints have a right to self-expression. They were entirely justified in regarding this atti-

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Mind of Primitive Man." We are definitely told there that the hereditary mental faculty has probably not been improved by civilization and that, in the transition from primitive to civilized society, the only changes have been the decrease in the number of emotional associations and the improvement of the traditional material that enters into our mental operations.

At first blush this sounds almost like a doctrine of quietism. As a matter of fact it did lead, in some cases, if not to quietism, at least to a spirited defense of traditionalism and traditional institutions. For instance, one of Boas' students, Lowie, is willing to ascribe the arrested progress of the physical sciences during the Middle Ages to the inveterate spontaneous human adherence to tradition rather than to the external pressure of a hostile church, and to state that "an unbiased view of human history leads to a revision of the received rationalist program of future progress." To such an amazingly complacent justification of the accepted order of things could the fundamental thesis of Boas' book be transformed.

Now it may strike us as somewhat incredible that a viewpoint ostensibly so liberating as that of Boas could lead to a defense of traditionalism. Yet this can be said to flow directly from the fundamental presuppositions that lay concealed in Boas' methods of approach and interpretation of the data. To understand why this was so, we must, however, first try to determine the nature of his conception of the relations of the individual to the group as well as his explanation of the causes for societal stability and change.

For Boas the only true conditioning factors in culture are the biological and the ideological. From the first an individual derives his physical and mental-emotional make-up; from the second, the specific content of his mind. Both are imposed from without. Freedom of individual action is, under these conditions, impossible except for individuals who are willing to brave the dangers that attend any marked deviation from tradition and who are by that very fact to be regarded as pathological. The role of the individual was thus reduced entirely to one of personal relationships. He was of value only as illustration. Thus for Boas, and for all those who remained loyal to his viewpoint—and the majority often did so without their being aware of it—society was an entity in itself, although carried by men and existing through them.

From such a viewpoint there flowed, inevitably, certain stresses and specific interests. The study of the individual was interpreted as belonging within the domain of psychology. Indeed, with some of Boas' later students, it has been signed over to the psychiatrist and psychoanalyst. The anthropologist was to deal only with the depiction and analysis of conditions and processes. He had nothing to do with the agencies producing these conditions to have been established. In other words, the

This was naturally a somewhat difficult position to maintain. Yet, in so far as possible, Boas maintained it. He insisted, for instance, that while, in the development of civilization, our logical processes tend to eliminate traditional elements, no marked decrease has taken place in the force of those traditional elements contained in our activities. These are and must be exclusively controlled by custom. This view he reiterates in the new edition of "The Mind of Primitive Man": "The dynamic forces that mold social life are the same now as those that molded life thousands of years ago."

In the light of what has just been pointed out, his approach to the problem of societal stability and change is not difficult to understand. Stability exists wherever activities are strongly surcharged with emotional associations, and change takes place whenever the majority of cultural activities have not entered sufficiently deeply into the mind to give them emotional values.

This is indeed a foolproof ideological heaven. It was not created by Boas, but is the work of his teacher and master, Adolf Bastian. To the latter's theory of "elementary ideas," elementary ideas which develop with iron necessity wherever man lives, Boas has always remained faithful. A clear enunciation of these elementary ideas, so Boas assures us, will give us the psychological reasons for their existence. Man, in short, is mired in conditions over which he has no control and shackled to inexorable categories of the mind from which he can never be freed. At best he can only hope to reshuffle and recombine, possibly to refine them.

Boas' approach to the data of ethnology thus contained postulates that belonged to a fairly closed metaphysical system. The novelty and the liberating quality of his approach to cultural data did not lie in any of its presuppositions. These patently hark back to the neo-Kantian tradition in which all German scholars of the second half of the nineteenth century had been reared. It lay, rather, in the fact that such a viewpoint had never before been rigorously applied to the elucidation of aboriginal cultures, and in the circumstance that its application enabled ethnologists to develop a proper appreciation for cultural pluralism and cultural relativity.

This was no small achievement and should, in its turn, have led to a fundamental renovation of the social sciences, particularly of history. Yet the fact that it did not do so and, on the contrary, encouraged a militant antagonism to historical reconstructions and syntheses, was not an accident. All its postulates, its whole methodology, were based on assumptions which not only excluded the recognition of the developmental sequences that are the lifeblood of the social sciences, but actually brought about the omission of the facts that would have made it possible for such sequences and correlations to have been established. In other words, the

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lected. And this was all the more dangerous because no one seemed to be aware of it.

Boas could talk as courageously as he wished about there being no pure races and say that no specific mental and emotional traits had ever been connected with particular races or with particular cultures. The whole force of his findings was completely neutralized by the fact that his method of approach prevented him from understanding when it was that peoples had first begun to preach the doctrine of social and cultural superiority, and why. Similarly he and his students could insist as vehemently as they might that no connection existed between the economic and political structure of primitive civilizations, on the one hand, and their ideas and general intellectual achievements on the other. This ran so obviously counter to all that was true in the history of our own cultures that little credence was placed in their pronouncements. Something fundamentally erroneous, it was suspected, must inhere in a method that led to such sterility.

These suspicions were only too justified. The approach to social facts first developed in "The Mind of Primitive Man" was and always remained a purely philosophical-psychological one, and this in the sense of the German psychology of the latter part of the nineteenth century. If Boas and his school rejected the developmental schemes of Tylor and Morgan this must, in no sense, be ascribed to the inadequacies and crudities of those schemes, but rather to the fact they rejected all developmental sequences. Their fundamental premises made it necessary to deny the existence of the whole historical process, in the ordinary sense of that term.

However, even more fateful than its theoretical anti-historical bias was the influence Boas exerted in preventing the recognition of certain facts, his denial of connections that should be patent to all students of history. When, for instance, he states that the simplest forms of the family are not associated with the simplest types of culture, that economic life and family organization are not intimately related or, finally, that "starvation among most primitive peoples is an exceptional case, the same as financial crises in civilized society; for times of need, such as occur regularly, provision is always made," what are we to think? For a person of Boas' integrity and scientific caution to have made such statements requires explanation. The explanation is close at hand. It lies in the curious omission from all of his publications of the role played by economic factors in history.

Of the great intellectual events of Boas' lifetime, assuredly the two most significant were the theory of evolution and the economic interpretation of history. To the first Boas always took a prevailingly antagonistic position. The second he never so much as mentioned until the 1938 edition of "The Mind of Primitive Man." There he dismisses it in a paragraph as of only secondary importance. He so completely misunderstands it as to say that "cultural life is always economically conditioned and economics are always culturally conditioned." Marx and Engels are never referred to. He did, of course, take a definite position toward the work upon which Engels' "Origin of the Family" was based, namely, Morgan's "Primitive Society." But, as we know, he saw in that book simply a crude and unjustified attempt to discover evolutionary stages in the history of society. To all Boas' disciples Morgan has since remained anathema and unread.

In part we must unquestionably ascribe this neglect of the role of economics to his basic outlook and the methodology in which it was expressed. In part, too, we should remember that he was originally trained in geography and psychophysics. It implies no disrespect to point out what disastrous consequences may follow when a natural scientist, nurtured on neo-Kantian critical idealism of the Germany of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, is let loose in the china closet of history. Yet we must not forget that all this is only one part of the explanation. Boas does, after all, belong to a specific class, namely, to the intellectual bourgeoisie of Germany that attained to so magnificent an efflorescence between 1880 and 1910. Whatever may have been its merits—and they were many—it owed its position, its freedom of expression within the realm of science and the great respect in which it was held, to the state that had been reared on the most efficient of the capitalist economies of the nineteenth century. The theoretical justification for this state was found in the critical idealism of Kant, in the categories of the mind and in the categorical imperative. In this philosophy the intellectual bourgeoisie had also been reared.

The unwillingness to recognize historical progressions and stages, the failure to appreciate the economic interpretation of history, all this must then, in the final analysis, be attributed to the intellectual atmosphere in which Boas was reared as well as to his own social conditioning. I would be the last to underestimate the contributions made by the Germany of 1880-1910. But one great danger did lurk in that viewpoint, namely, that it tended to paralyze any participation in the realm of action. Such paralysis seems to afflict many anthropologists today in the presence of the fascist threats to civilization. If, fortunately, it does not afflict all of them, that is because wherever fascism exists and reaction prevails, anthropologists are suspect. Indeed if any group of intellectuals should today be in the forefront of the battle it is the anthropologists. Boas, of course, understands this clearly, as his magnificent stand against fascism demonstrates. It is, however, true that neither he nor his disciples can effectively help in this struggle unless they free themselves once and for all from the ballast of neo-Kantian ideas and middle-class attitudes which "The Mind of Primitive Man" unwittingly introduced into anthropology.

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Shoot the Works

One Thing at a Time

ALMOST ANY DAY NOW we will be hearing that Neville Chamberlain is a Communist. And it may be revealed that Nancy Astor is actually Mother Bloor rigged up in a disguise. The evidence will consist of unimpeachable testimony that Neville is no longer making faces in the direction of Russia and that the gracious hostess of Cliveden had the Soviet ambassador for lunch.

I think the British Premier will get by in his own country, but over here he will be hailed in many quarters as at least a fellow traveler. It is premature to praise the shrewdness of British diplomacy or to pass any laurel to the English upon the sound judgment of the ruling majority. Out of his own speeches Chamberlain is a man who tacitly admits that he was badly fooled. Before the Munich pact he said, "If I were convinced that any nation had made up its mind to dominate the world by fear of its force, I should feel that it must be resisted." Seemingly he was not convinced until just now.

There were many who could have told him. Some six months ago a little left-wing dentist whom I met on a train predicted to me the turn of world events for the next half-year and now that I recapitulate he was correct with less than one percent error. I assume he got his theories from The Daily Worker. No matter what anybody's feeling may be about communism, it cannot be denied that the spokesmen for the Soviets have called the turn in the international course of events with uncanny accuracy.

But the Communists were the very last people whom Chamberlain sought for advice or counsel on any issue. They could not even approach him. However, there is no object in making the point that Chamberlain asked for and duly received some extremely bad advice and even worse predictions. He is not the only statesman to become the victim of wishful diplomacy. What is more important is the fact that he has not remained eternally bamboozled. His original premise was logical enough from the point of view of his own beliefs and the will of the nation he represented. He felt that communism and fascism were threats to the British system of economics and its governmental structure. But Chamberlain made his little mistake when he decided that in order to force communism away from his door he would play ball with fascism. There was an error of heart as well as judgment in this.

Few nations ever profit by the experience of other lands. That is a pity, for many good Americans seem bent upon making precisely the same laboratory test as that which has produced such positive results in England. There are those among us who do not precisely love fascism and yet would lean a little in that direction because their fear of communism is even greater. And, of course, there are millions who think that the best formula for the preservation of democracy is to reiterate, "I am against dictatorship of both the left and right. I am equally opposed to communism and fascism. As a matter of fact they constitute the same thing." If it were, the policy of fighting on both fronts at the same time would be a great deal less than realistically sound. The aggressive moves of fascism into all the countries of the world are not limited to the dissemination of an ideology. Behind the propaganda of Hitler are armed forces capable of a wide range of operations. Surely nobody seriously fears that the Soviets may seek airplane bases in Mexico or Central America for the purpose of bombarding American cities.

As a matter of fact the Communist Party in America doesn't seem to be preaching communism any more. Over and over again its spokemen have declared in favor of strong support for progressive democracy as the best immediate barrier against the spread of fascism. It has been said and will continue to be said that this is just a smoke screen to conceal sinister and secret plots within the inner circle of a few head men. This, of course, is surmise. There is nothing in the record to indicate such activity.

And whether the Communist devotion to liberalism is sincere or not, the fact remains that the message of support of American institutions has been carried constantly in all the organs of the party. Even the most ardent Red-baiters have admitted that Communist Party membership is slight. They say that the danger lies in the so-called groups of fellow travelers, who are far more numerous. But since these folk outside the suspected inner circle are being fed on democratic dates rather than revolutionary rations it is difficult to see in just what way they are now being geared up to overthrow the government by armed violence.

John L. Lewis once said when asked about radicals in the unions, "I'm ready to work with anybody who'll work with me." It is a good practical rule. There is no tape by which sincerity can be measured and even lip-service is to be preferred to direct frontal attack. Aside from displaying a large portrait of George Washington the German-American Bund made no concealment of its deep opposition not only to the existing administration in Washington but to all democratic processes. And this state of mind was made manifest by the strong-arm tactics of the storm troopers who took over Madison Square Garden and made it for the evening a little corner of the Reich.

A believer in American democracy may logically enough be opposed to both fascism and communism although he should make a separate case against each. But I can see no point in making a blanket attack upon a faction which is conforming and another which is raising bloody hell.

Let it be admitted that communism supports American democracy for expediency. It seems to me just common sense that for the selfsame reason we should accept that support. Whether one is wholly for Russia or entirely against, there is no getting away from the fact that its existence and effectiveness may right now be of vital importance to democracies in their stand against the Fascist sweep.

Red-baiting pours water on Hitler's wheel. Indeed the Fascist drive in all countries has been built upon the device of saying, "We alone can save you from the Communists." Particularly I see no point at all in conjuring up Communists where none exist and making reds of every liberal and progressive in the land. To bray that Roosevelt and his supporters are "reds" lends aid and comfort to men like General Mosley. Indeed, the American demagogue who is constantly calling "Communist" is actually summoning the

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Washington Notes

Cactus Jack Takes Off

LAST WEEK IN WASHINGTON men tried to behave as if a world war were not threatening. Nervously they clung to their slogan of politics-as-usual. Mr. Garner's campaign was fully unveiled, showing Mr. Roy Miller as headquarters chairman and Mr. Earle B. Mayfield Jr. as traveling agent. Mr. Miller is a Washington character. A generation ago, he was boy mayor of Corpus Christi, Texas. For many years, however, he has appeared regularly at the opening of Congress, spending each session in moving genially from paneled suite to paneled suite in the House Office Buildings.

The Texas delegation in the House has twenty-one members; Mr. Miller is known as the state's twenty-second representative. He is a great expert on river-and-harbor appropriation bills, especially items affecting his native Corpus Christi and nearby Galveston. Each session he holds a meeting in Washington of trade associations concerned with water-borne freight. Reputedly he has also represented the Texas sulphur interests, one of the world's tightest raw-material monopolies. Last summer Mr. Miller organized the Garner-for-President demonstration of the Possum Trot, Texas, baseball team, on which—as the Texans tell it—Mr. Garner played while simultaneously fighting off Santa Ana at the Alamo. Mr. Miller's hotel rooms are now the gathering place of state Democratic leaders on their visits to Washington. Mr. Mayfield, who has been acting for Mr. Garner in Virginia, is the son of a former United States Senator from Texas.

The Garner campaign has given New Dealers and Old Dealers alike a case of nerves. The New Dealers do not want Mr. Garner under any circumstances; the Old Dealers, while they approve of Mr. Garner's hardly concealed enmity to Mr. Roosevelt, are by no means united on a single candidate. The principal counter-move of the last few days has been a sudden increase of talk about Mr. Cordell Hull. None of this talk has come from Mr. Hull's friends. The latter believe that he has a good chance for the nomination and do not wish to risk a long continued, public hunt for delegates. The current Hull boom is the work of Democratic state leaders and their congressional associates, and rests on a highly morbid base. In the President-making now in progress, each group of state leaders wishes to have Mr. Farley as an ally. Mr. Farley is every group's candidate for Vice President. Because of his advanced years, Mr. Garner is supposed to hold a peculiar fascination for Mr. Farley. Mr. Hull is being put forward as virtually as aged as Mr. Garner—a good man to be Vice President with. There is no evidence that Mr. Farley is being enticed by this lure. If the truth were known, Mr. Farley probably has as many back-slapping promises of votes for the presidency as anyone.

An innocent victim of the Garner campaign is the FHA, now asking Congress for an increase in the authorized limit of its mortgage insurance. The facts concerning Mr. Garner's much advertised venture in home-building at Uvalde have [illegible] houses was only about half that of a group of Uvalde homes insured by the FHA. But the specifications of the FHA-insured homes were much higher; they represented about twice as much housing value. The FHA does not dictate the cost or quality of homes that it insures. It merely tries to see that they are worth the money put into them. Mr. Garner and his Uvalde partners chose to build houses that, in usable space, are below standards prevailing in many parts of the country. The builders insured by the FHA decided on better-grade structures. The FHA is one of our most hopeful instruments for economic recovery; it should not be plunged into Democratic presidential politics.

The Department of Agriculture announces that the distribution of surplus food to relief families through the use of blue and orange stamps will begin in a few days. Rochester and Allentown will probably be the first cities in which the experiment is conducted; six more cities will be added before the end of June. The mechanics of the scheme is now widely known, but there has been surprisingly little discussion of the policy that lies behind it. The problem that the Department of Agriculture is attacking is not that of bringing additional food to reliefers, but that of cutting the costs of food distribution in general, and of thus making food cheaper for all of us. The Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation has been giving away food to relief families ever since the 1934 drought; there is no necessary reason, under the new program, why they should receive more food than they have in these last four years.

The Agriculture Department is nothing if not "producer-minded." Its officials think that farmers are extremely efficient, that the price at which they sell food is low—often too low for a balanced national economy. The only hope they see of cutting the cost of food to the consumer is in distribution. The writer was told of last year's collapse in Florida grapefruit, where the price of a box plummeted down from four cents to a cent. But this did not, as a layman might suppose, make grapefruit so plentiful that every citizen, no matter how poor, could happily squirt juice in his or her eye. The freight by railroad from Florida to New York is a dollar a box. In Florida the price dropped by 75 percent; in New York it scarcely moved. Admittedly this is an extreme case, but there are few foods for which the consumer does not pay twice what the farmer gets.

What the Agriculture Department is trying to do, in its blue-and-orange-stamp program, is to cut food costs through the voluntary coöperation of the grocery trade. The program was developed in repeated conferences with grocery representatives; relief experts, it should be noted, had comparatively little to do with it. The chief means by which food prices are to be reduced is by increasing volume. In essence, the Department has struck a bargain with the grocers. On its part, it pledges to refrain in the future from distributing free food to relief families. This food must henceforth travel through accustomed grocery-trade channels. In return for this assured increase in volume, the grocers promise to cut their prices, at least in the case of food of which surpluses are found by the Department to exist. These lowered prices will be available not merely to relief families, but to all of us.

The program is beginning modestly. But, at the present level of unemployment, if it were extended to cover all

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an increase in grocers' sales of about $500,000,000 a year. It is hoped that the added sales that would be made to non-relief families would amount to three or four times this figure. American children would be receiving the food that they need, and the farm problem—except for the South's cotton—would be solved. If the grocers carry out the promises they have made, they will have done more for the country than any of their brother business men.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Timetrust, Inc.

ONCE AGAIN our great and good friend, Mr. Amadeo Giannini, the great California banker, has tangled with the SEC. This time the Commission, over whose operations still broods the spirit of Mr. Justice William O. Douglas, has climbed on Mr. Giannini because of the activities of a small corporation in California, Timetrust, Inc.

Apparently Timetrust, Inc., does not include among its proprietors the great Giannini himself, nor does it seem to be an outright subsidiary of Mr. Giannini's Transamerica Corporation. But the SEC says that Giannini and his confreres have aided and abetted Timetrust, Inc. And Timetrust, Inc., has, so we are told, described itself as something a little different from what it really is, to say the least. We may form some opinion of our own on this by contemplating the facts set out by the SEC.

Timetrust, Inc., is quite evidently one of those financial organisms which we have already noticed in this column and which are known as "Special Funds." It is a form of investment trust, combining the worst features of almost all other types.

Timetrust will sell you a certificate, let us say for $1,200, which you could pay for in instalments at the rate of $10 a month for ten years. Timetrust will then invest your money in shares of the Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association. This is a large bank holding company, which owns the Bank of America of California, which operates 400 branch banks in that state.

Thus Timetrust, Inc., has in its control all the shares of the Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association which are bought by it for its customers—called the trustors. Thus Timetrust, Inc., has the voting control of these shares.

The investor who buys one of these certificates has a $1,200 interest in the bank holding company's shares. Now let us see how closely this investment resembles a savings bank.

The investor buys the $1,200 certificate on the instalment plan, paying $10 a month for ten years. Now if he puts $10 a month in a savings bank, at the end of eighteen months he will have $180 which he can draw out. The interest we leave out of account. But if he puts $10 a month into these certificates, each month for the first eighteen months $4 will be deducted from each payment to pay for what is called the creation fee, the compensation to Time-

be deducted three percent of each payment as the fee of the trustee. And another 80 cents will be deducted for insurance. So when a $10 payment is made $5.10 will be deducted each month for eighteen months. At the end of eighteen months, therefore, instead of having $180 to his credit as in a savings bank, the investor will have to his credit $88.20. Thereafter from each payment there will be deducted the three-percent trustees' fee and the insurance premium, which after a while will gradually diminish. There is only one chance for the investor to get his money back and that is for the shares of the bank holding company held in trust for him to advance in price sufficiently to cancel all the charges he has paid. The SEC—fussy old thing that it is—seems to think that in comparing this investment to a savings bank the Timetrust promoters are, to put it mildly, drawing the long bow. They therefore go so far as to say that the promoters are misrepresenting.

The truth is, if the SEC has its facts right, that the investor in this case is hardly an investor at all, but a speculator. He is taking a gamble on the market price of the shares. He can win only if the market goes up when he wants to pull out.

The SEC intimates, rather broadly, that this is all being done to make a busy market for the Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association shares. Salesmen whip up trade for these certificates, the payments are collected at the branch banks of the concern, Timetrust, Inc., itself is a distributor of the shares and it finds itself in that rather unsavory position so common in modern American finance of representing, at the same time, the distributor and the investor.

Timetrust is not a subsidiary of Transamerica or of its subsidiary, the Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association. But the SEC charges that Giannini and his colleagues have worked hand-in-glove with the promoters. And in a statement Mr. Giannini admits that the guiding genius of Timetrust is a former highly trusted employee of a Transamerica subsidiary and that Transamerica Corporation advanced to this gentleman the funds wherewith to set him up in business.

One wonders why it is necessary for a bank to find itself encrusted with enterprises of this sort. Why may not a bank be operated successfully and safely as a bank and why must there be all this subsidiary machinery, including almost every conceivable kind of enterprise, hooked on to the bank? Perhaps it is all right. But we do know, whatever the cause, that back in 1931 the RFC had to come to the aid of this bank holding company, with so many irons in the fire, to the tune of a hundred million dollars.

The SEC is doing one of the most useful jobs still remaining to be done in throwing its spotlight upon this immense bank holding company. We need not impute dishonesty to its managers. We may be content to question the wisdom of permitting banks to be operated on this plan.

Incidentally this is just one incidental phase of a larger episode in which the SEC is carrying on a full investigation of the affairs of the Transamerica Corporation. That corporation has sought to block the investigation by preventing the SEC from inquiring into the affairs of its banks. An injunction was sought to stop the SEC. The District Court ruled against Transamerica, but the case is now on appeal to

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Sources of Merriment

I CAN GET GOOD AND SORE at those buffoons down in Congress needling away at the idea of a Federal Theatre, first because it isn't good enough for the money it takes and now because, in the name of God no less, it is too good and paying its way with "The Swing Mikado." The production, say these authorities on dramatic practice, "competes with private enterprise" (how Mr. Gilbert, if he hadn't insisted on living before his time, could have made that one-line jape immortal). Well, so does P. S. 131 compete, and the Senate railway and Grant's tomb; and where were these statesmen when you couldn't turn around on Times Square without falling over a different "Hamlet," or did the "Hamlet" competition escape their stern regard simply because they assumed it was something you made with eggs and an onion, wasn't it? I don't know whether they are out for votes or laughs, but I do know that even by their own curious logic any government action to clear the field for one Broadway venture or another is government intervention in business—at any suggestion of which these gentlemen tremble six days a week and some weeks seven.

In the land of the free and equality for all, rich in homilies about first-come-first-served, always-plenty-room-at-the-top and inventing the perfect mousetrap, you'd think even a political figure could get the point that every show on the boards is indirectly in competition with every other show by sacred and even constitutional practice; that a hit show is the result of chance, talent and the people's choice; and that New York alone will support thirty hit shows—once you've got the hit shows. The FTP's "Mikado" was a known success in show business months before "The Hot Mikado" even opened; the idea of staging Gilbert and Sullivan is estimated (by me) to have occurred to upwards of 27,000 people, including Gilbert and Sullivan. So what do you make of that? What I make is a slogan for this day and practically every other: KEEP THE GOVERNMENT OUT OF CONGRESS!

But this is only the justice of the matter. In actual effect both "Mikados" are going great guns and the D'Oyly Carte troupe has gracefully taken to the road. The critics are in general favoring the whole idea but showing a tendency to yawn at the thought of any more Gilbert and Sullivan for a while—which is rather strange when you remember that year after year the D'Oyly Cartes wheeze along for week after week with never a hint in the dutiful newspaper coverage that they and their audience were anachronisms before they started and are by now practically a civic nuisance. Getting back to New York too late for openings, I found that the critics also agree pretty well that the FTP version (which they saw first, naturally) kicked the props out from under "The Hot Mikado." Actually, "The Hot Mikado" is the most stunning musical production I ever sat through—for music, color, motion, wit and simple friendly charm.

Everything is there, the happy talent of the principals, the full chorus and the chords of a band under it, the swift weaving colors and handsome boys and girls, as though this were a show with a magic carpet in the house. It is the perfect musical show of a generation because in this generation we specialize in costumes, settings, dances, acts, fast pacing, book to build character and situation and pull all together; and because here is a book all in one piece, for once truly reinterpreted. "The Mikado" is not the best of Gilbert, but taking one thing with another it has become established as the best conjunction of words and music; and even here the troupe is fortunate, because the only criticism could be of their tendency to slight what has been plugged so long by such inferior talent: the polysyllabic and straight-face drollery. I'd like to have the Michael Todd company established for good and all, but I'd like them to be more serious in the sharp contrast of pomp and ridiculous circumstance when they came to such true Gilbert triumphs as "The Pirates."

While every production may have its indescribable moments, its joint choir of voices and shifting motion, this show has its own main quality of joy and understanding to keep it in one line. The dancing is terrific and the singing is so good that you are sometimes lifted from your seat with a lift in the signature: it has all the fleet blending of motion and music and that special iridescence which comes only when the heart accepts, the ear approves and the eye is filled with colors and human forms in kaleidoscope. Nat Karson's settings and costumes are among the loveliest, with just that occasional bold stroke of fantasy which a show begs for; and the whole thing has been supervised by Hassard Short with a generosity and eye to continuing effect that amount to genius—you have never seen a stage so constantly crowded and so constantly in good taste.

But all background stuff must remain so unless a play is made valid by the characters in it, and I think Eddie Green is the man here. As Ko-Ko, he is so bland and despondent and easy in his every delivery that the part comes to be a part you can take stock in, even though funny. He is one of the theatre's naturals. Bill Robinson is a veteran magician and Pooh-Bah was never so pooh-bah as in the vestment and person of Maurice Ellis.

"The Swing Mikado" is nothing like this, I was sorry to find. You expect that the notorious hardships of getting an FTP show together will be reflected in a general amateurishness and absence of the luxurious. But the show falls farther than that behind a good musical stage. Poor reading and sloppy enunciation are inexcusable in Gilbert and Sullivan, and when the main characters are most notably amateur in their naïve aping of a professionalism long known as ham, and when the chorus is weak and the dancing haphazard, and when the crude idea of anything-for-a-laugh goes so far from dignity as to suggest the vaudeville Uncle Tom, and when the pit band is weak and its arrangements stringy—then you can hardly call this seedy conventionalism a swing "Mikado" or anything else that can be vital in the life of the theatre.

In one sense this troupe makes a liar out of me, because everything I expected they'd be good at comes out just the opposite. But the original idea of producing a modern "Mikado" is still a wonderful idea; and if it took the Federal Theatre to point out the excitement of what has been under our nose so long and is now so beatifully realized in the Hassard Short production, I'll be a liar and keep cheering for a Federal Theatre forever.

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Philip Barry's "The Philadelphia Story" is fine theatre

paced cast: Forrest Orr, Van Heflin, Shirley Booth, Lenore Lonergan, Joseph Cotten and Katharine Hepburn—whose talent, nicely brought out here, has been poked fun at by many but denied by very few. The situation is that of two people from Fortune turned loose on a Philadelphia Family, and the moral would deserve anybody's attention if he could find it. Actually it is a matter of old human foibles brought up to date, and done with conviction, edge, charm and steady motion. Both the characters and the lines given them are cleanly turned, and if you want a good play to go to, here is a good play. OTIS FERGUSON

Will Abstract Art Survive?

TWO YEARS AGO an exposition of abstract art was dedicated by Alfred H. Barr, who had collected it, "to those painters of squares and circles (and the architects influenced by them) who had suffered at the hands of philistines with political power." And they have suffered a great deal, from both the Right and the Left. In Germany, where abstract art enjoyed great influence and prestige, it was condemned by the Nazis as being alien to the true German spirit (despite the fact that the Germans were particularly good at it), as non-Aryan and no doubt Bolshevist in origin. Marxists have criticized it as being anti-social and a symptom of intellectual decay (with probable fascist orientations).

On the other hand it has been hailed as the new art of the machine age—the art of the subconscious—and the new structural attitude. Hundreds of volumes have been written about it. (One of the very best is the catalogue of Mr. Barr's exposition at the Museum of Modern Art, published by the Museum at $3.) Mystics have made a cult of it, and so have the artists themselves—many of them theorists, enshrouded in verbiage. For instance, Malevitch, the founder of suprematism who is famous for his picture "White on White," explained: "By suprematism I mean the supremacy of pure feeling or perception in the pictorial arts. . . . It was no square which I exhibited but rather the experience of non-objectivity."

Doesburg, one of the teachers and theorists of the influential de Stijl group of Holland, exemplified what he called the "esthetic transformation of an object" in a series of four pictures showing how an abstract picture evolves. Using a photograph of a cow as a starting point, Doesburg made a sudden and unexplained leap into the field of abstraction, leaving the cow completely out of consideration, and then proceeded to balance his spaces until they were finally crystallized into an arrangement of squares and rectangles. Which proves, if it proves anything, that Doesburg's picture was not a transformation of a cow but of a design.

Then again the expressionist Kandinsky, who called upon the observer "to look at a picture as a graphic representation of mood and not as a representation of an object," tried to justify the invasion of naturalistic objects in the form of cannon in one of his "improvisations" by saying "the presence of cannon in the picture could probably be explained by the constant war talk that has been going around throughout the year. But I did not intend to give different pictorial means; besides, such tasks do not interest me, at least not now."

Leaving all these theories aside, a curious phenomenon remains. The most outstanding movements in art for the past fifty years developed their momentum mainly as an esthetic rebellion from the standards of naturalism, not in protest against the conditions and changes in society. And throughout the many changes it went through, the movement preserved remarkable fidelity to this original idea.

The impressionists were the first to make a complete break with the old forms of art, the first to devise an intellectual method for creating pictures instead of copying nature. The cubists and abstractionists carried the crusade against naturalism much farther by conscious distortion of nature and an intensified interest in movement and in the manipulation of forms. They wanted to get back to the fudamentals, the essence of art. Their experiments in breaking up form, in discovering the primary elements of balance, of harmony in the relationships of a few primary colors and the new and often exquisite combinations of textures and materials were as exciting and adventurous as the first steps of a child. It was a crucial period in the history of art, and the network of "schools" and styles grew in geometrical progressions.

While Brancusi, who is one of the saints of the movement, tenaciously carried on his experiments in pure form, approaching "the shape of an egg, which is, sculpturally speaking, organic form at its simplest," and the Russian abstractionists were discovering the least common denominator in painting in the square and the circle, the dadaists were preparing to mock all these serious principles of the religion of art. But their satirical "rubbish pictures" and the like were straining their artistic imaginations to the utmost; they couldn't help taking them seriously.

The serious principles of abstract art have survived the onslaught of mockery and the most sweeping kinds of denunciation. They have survived because their logic lies within their own framework, not on an outside system of thought. Abstract art has maintained a clinical aloofness from the struggles of life around it. It has rarely yielded to the pressure of human problems. It is a "social anomaly" because of these shortcomings, not because it contains evil in itself. Its achievements are nevertheless real and the validity of its contribution lies in the fact that it has established contact with the almost lost traditions of art and discovered a few of the missing links in its mysteries.

Some of the best pieces, by men like Klee, Arp, Ernst, Braque and Brancusi, whose talent and refinements brought imagination and beauty to the movement, are reproduced in the catalogue mentioned above. Picasso is the one man who came closest to summing up the whole epoch. Look at his masterpiece "The Painter and His Model" if you ever get a chance to see it again. I won't try to describe it in words; that wouldn't do any good anyway. The black-and-white reproduction only gives the impression of a rather congested jumble of lines. Seeing the original in colors for the first time, in its full size, gave me the feeling of infinite continuity. Every part is perfectly adjusted and reveals at once its whole mechanism, its buoyant labors and the joy and spontaneity of discovery. Lacking all trace of the elemental human passions, it is the skeleton of a *great* picture.

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The Bandwagon

Save for 40,000 Negroes who live in appalling poverty, life in this town [Norfolk, Va.] is pleasantly free of extremes. – *From a feature article by Louis I. Jaffe in The Washington Post.*

The German newspapers were kind to Mrs. Roosevelt, just calling her a "chatterer." What I think of her would send me to jail. It is ridiculous the way she tries to ram the Negro down our throats.

I have no race prejudice, but I do think animals should be kept in their place, even if they have the gift of speech and a vote. A.M.L. – *A letter in The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.*

Try Not Coming Back

I have no other wish than to succeed in making Vienna a Nationalist community. My special wish is that all Viennese should have the same desire.

I ask the dear Viennese to cease grumbling while I am away. When I return they can begin again if they like. – *From a statement by the Nazi leader in Vienna, Joseph Bürckel, in The New York Times.*

When He's Not in the Groove?

A few minutes before Mussolini began to speak machine guns fired several bursts in the guise of welcome. Il Duce sometimes prefers the sound to old-fashioned trumpets. – *From a dispatch by Richard Mowrer in The Boston Evening Transcript.*

Keep Your Hat on So's He'll Know You

Senator ("Cotton Ed") Smith . . . remarked that his days were numbered and he would soon face his maker, adding: "If God is a gentleman, He will recognize one when He sees one." – *From The Washington Post.*

So May the Patient

The Council on Medical Education and Hospitals has shown that in the entire country less than 2,000,000 people reside at a distance greater than 30 miles from a hospital. While it is true that in some localities it might not be convenient for a patient to travel as much as 30 miles, it is also true that in many localities a patient can travel 60 to 100. These errors, therefore, may be assumed to cancel out. – *From an article entitled "AMA Analyzes Fallacious Premises" in the Pittsburgh Medical Bulletin, February 25, 1939.*

Load-off-Our-Minds Department

Generalissimo Francisco Franco does not plan to follow up his victory with an attempt to regain the lost Spanish colonies in America, Alfonso Miranda Esteve, head of the Spanish Falange in Puerto Rico, declared in a statement today. – *From a special cable to The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

America's Duty to the Refugees

SIR: Has America lost her heart? The evident lack of concern and general disinterest with which the public at large has viewed the tragic events in Europe during recent months point to a startling lapse in our collective moral conscience. At a time when naked brutality and intolerance stalk unchecked across the frontiers of Europe our leadership breathes pious platitudes.

Two courses of action are open to the people of the United States, in the face of this human disaster. Our people can coolly remain aloof from the problem of the European refugee and regard it as an internal question of policy for each government concerned, thereby aiding those forces of cruelty that are the very opposite of everything America is thought to represent.

The other course of action calls for intelligence and courage. It does not require that America take up arms, but that she open her arms; not that her youth die for an illusory ideal, but that she constitute with others an asylum for the oppressed of the earth, that she lead the way in welcoming portions of that wretched body of the homeless of the earth to one refuge where protection can be given them.

Only by perceiving that this human disaster is just as real and vital as any Tokyo earthquake or starving Belgian population, and demands as immediate and prompt an answer, can America remain true to its tradition.

Insurance Unionizes

SIR: I read with great interest your comment on the federal investigation of insurance, appearing in your issue of February 8. I was very much surprised that your editorial writer failed to take notice of the most important new factor now existing in the insurance field—a firmly established union, seeking to bargain collectively for the first time in the history of the insurance companies. It is our opinion, which an examination of the events within the last year and a half would bear out, that the struggle for the rights of the employees in the industry parallels and makes more pointed the charges that management abuses the right of policy-holders and arrogates to itself privileges to which it has no right either in law or equity.

In fact, we believe that without the entrance upon the scene of the organized expression of the workers in the insurance field, the task of bringing management to account might be unattempted, and if attempted quite unsuccessful.

One of the conclusions in the editorial column indicating that it would be better "to have 4,000 insurance companies with one million dollars each, than one Metropolitan Life with four billion" is not a very carefully thought-out proposal. The same abuses practised by 4,000 little companies would not be any more desirable than those practised by a single giant corporation.

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management that must be corrected and that the companies, as institutions, are not guilty of anything basically wrong. Adequate supervision and regulation are evidently the urgent need.

LEON W. BERNEY
General Organizer, Industrial Insurance Agents' Union, UOPWA

New York City

Milk Deliveries and Mothers

SIR: With reference to Mr. Flynn's "The Milk Monopoly" (April 5), the last paragraph is obviously written by an economist not conversant with the problems of the housekeeper. In the first place, does milk belong in the same category as all other articles of food? Emphatically, NO! Milk is primarily a baby's and children's food, and as the health laws rightly require, should be obtained fresh daily. There are mothers—and their name is legion—who have no one with whom to leave the baby in order to rush out every morning to buy fresh milk. Deliveries are made at regular hours so that there is no need to leave the milk outside indefinitely.

In Chicago the delivery price is 12 cents a quart and 10 cents if bought at the store (our coöperative charges only 8½ cents a quart). So in our city, as doubtless in many others, there is a difference between delivered milk and that on the cash-and-carry basis. Please, Mr. Flynn, before you throw all the milk drivers out of work, find other jobs for them. What you recommend is a slight saving to the consumer at the expense of creating further unemployment.

Chicago, Ill. ROSE L. DANIELSON

P. S. I am not a milk driver's wife.

Scientists and the Viruses

SIR: All biologists and a large section of the general intelligent public, are interested in that hypothetical, momentous and almost metaphysical moment in time, the instant when that which was not life became alive. The enthusiasm for the subject is doubtless a good sign; the subject is, as a theoretical matter (and conceivably as a practical one), of the deepest significance. But until quite recently there has been the greatest skepticism on the part of biologists. They were not fooled, as the public has sometimes been, into thinking that "life had been made" because someone has kept a chicken heart *in vitro* beating for months, or because unfertilized frogs' eggs had been caused to grow parthenogenitically, or a mechanist had produced a lively imitation of living matter by means of some emulsions jumpy with surface tension. Biologists are interested in these experiments, but they never supposed that in them that which was not alive had come alive.

Are they willing, as a result of very important new discoveries about the filterable viruses, to say that the "border between the living and non-living is now erased" ("Science News Letter," for January 9, 1937) and so give the impression that the filterable viruses are living organisms? And, worse, spread by inference the idea (surely erroneous) that whether completely alive or not, the filterable viruses are the starting point of life?

No disparagement of or slur upon the splendid work of Ivanovsky, Stanley, Beard, TenBroeck and other students of the viruses is intended by the raising of these questions. The point is that various news organs, notably Time, and after it many newspapers, have proclaimed that the scientists have "discovered an apparent bridge between living and non-living matter," have "found the point of life's origin."

Now, not as much is known about the viruses as we should like to know, but if I understand aright the viruses whenever is parasitic on very highly developed organisms (vertebrates and flowering plants) which are themselves of comparatively recent origin, as geologic and evolutionary time is reckoned, and only descendant after immense previous biological development. It should be obvious that even if these viruses are living organisms, they could not under these circumstances be the starting point of life, any more than could the pathogenic bacteria of humans. When viruses are found which behave like living creatures in the complete absence of nourishing host tissue, which sustain themselves as green plants, or purple bacteria, or even some of the slime-molds sustain themselves, then, and not till then, may the claim be entered that the viruses bridge the gap between the molecular organization that is a crystal and the molecular organization that is protoplasmic protein.

This discovery may come tomorrow, and when it does scientists will have a right to blow trumpets and dance in the streets. Until that time they should surely be cautious, more cautious than they have been, about releasing to the public the vague impression that viruses may be alternately alive, and again, dead.

Santa Barbara, Calif. DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Barney Dreyfus of San Francisco, California, liked Otis Ferguson's "Cruise Stopover" (April 5): "O. F. does a real job on a subject like those Panama dancers . . . but sometimes, in his movie reviews, it sounds as though he were just writing to throw off sparks." . . . Alice S. Ballaine of Oxford, Mississippi, gives with one hand and takes away with the other. First she congratulates us on the editorial idea for the series, "Books That Changed Our Minds." Then Miss Ballaine points out that Parrington ("Parrington's 'Main Currents'," by Bernard Smith, February 15) died on June 16, 1929, not in January, 1931.

In anticipation of legislative action on the subject of health insurance, the New York League of Women Voters, 151 East Fiftieth Street, New York City, has compiled a Health Insurance Kit, containing a complete outline of the subject and twenty supplementary pamphlets. It may be purchased for 50 cents. . . . Nancy Duncan of San Francisco, California, writes an informative letter about conditions in her city: "The police don't want people to picket the German and Italian consulates. . . . Members of the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and the Maritime Federation were recently arrested for so doing, but the case was thrown out of court. What made the boys really angry was not being arrested, but being held for only $10 bail."

Ysobel Martin of the Theatre Arts Committee, 132 West Forty-third Street, New York City, says that the committee is anxious to obtain radio scripts for production—anti-Nazi, peace, labor and neutrality scripts. They should be addressed to the Radio Division of TAC, at the above address. . . . The Book and Magazine Guild writes: "Pierre Loving, critic and drama commentator, will speak on "The Theatre versus ——," at 239 Fourth Avenue, New York City, Friday, April 14, 8:30 P.M., under our auspices. Robert Josephy, president, will preside." . . . The New York Chapter of the League of American Writers announces a new Writers' School department in Creative Writing, to be conducted by Mary Elting, as well as four new courses in radio-script writing (for coincidence, see above) and pulp writing. Registrations are now being taken at 381 Fourth Avenue.

D. Selig Margolies writes that the American League to Combat Anti-Semitism, 270 Broadway, New York City, offers a free booklet, "Justice for the Jews," which includes contributions by Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick,

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Books in Review

Chart of Plenty

MR. EZEKIEL, who holds the position of Economic Adviser to the Secretary of Agriculture, reasons that if government planning can succeed in restricting agricultural output it ought to be able to expand industrial output. Consequently he has devised a proposal, called Industrial Expansion, which borrows liberally from the forms and procedures of the AAA but which substitutes the goal of expansion for that of contraction. "Jobs for All"[1] is an elaboration and defense of this proposal.

The essential features of Industrial Expansion can be set forth very briefly. Every year a central planning authority would decide upon the minimum national income to be aimed at. It would then calculate the probable output of all major industries assuming such an income level. Finally, contracts calling for the calculated output and including certain stipulations on maximum prices and minimum wages, would be entered into between government and industry authorities, the latter composed of representatives of management, labor, consumers and government. The government would agree in these contracts to absorb all surpluses unsold at the end of the year at prices somewhat below the market. Plans for subsequent years would have to provide for the disposal of any stocks which the government might thus acquire. In this way producers generally would be assured of an increased demand, and the planned national income would quickly be translated into the actual national income.

Now it is clear, and I do not think that Mr. Ezekiel would deny, that capitalists will be bitterly opposed to any such extension of over-all planning to large sections of industry. Mr. Ezekiel would doubtless argue that this is because they do not understand their own interests. Industrial Expansion, he submits, holds out the promise of a greatly increased national output and, moreover, of larger incomes to both capitalists and workers. In other words, the opposition of capitalists is essentially *irrational;* once the scheme has been put into operation and the initial obstacle of business hostility overcome, capitalists can be expected to realize their error and to offer their full cooperation. This is an argument which deserves the most careful consideration.

Capitalist production is production for profit, not for consumption. If capitalists make more profits they accumulate more capital to make still more profits. But there comes a time when they cannot realize profits without a very considerably increased volume of consumption; since the latter is not forthcoming, profit declines and with it production. This dilemma cannot be escaped by raising wage incomes from the outset, for that would only reduce profits at once and halt the process before it had fairly started. The vicious circle could be broken only if capitalists *themselves* consume an ever increasing proportion of their own enlarged profits. But this would require that capitalists cease to behave as capitalists.

Now Industrial Expansion provides no solution to this contradiction. Let us assume, with Mr. Ezekiel, that in the first few years under Industrial Expansion both profits and wage incomes increase. Then the accumulation of capitalists will increase *pari passu*, and presently the rate of profit will begin to fall notwithstanding the larger consumption of wage-earners. For this increased consumption operates not only to raise the demand for capital but also to raise costs, two effects which work in opposite directions and hence tend to cancel each other out. The larger volume of capital will, therefore, in accordance with a theorem long familiar to economists, yield a continually declining rate of profit. Clearly there will come a time when capitalists will cease to coöperate in the whole program; their initial hostility will have been justified and they will act accordingly. We are forced to conclude, therefore, that the opposition of the capitalists is well grounded. In the long run the interest of capitalists in profits and the interest of the community at large in abundance for all stand irreconcilably opposed to each other.

It follows that proposals which depend for their success—as Industrial Expansion unquestionably does—on the voluntary coöperation of the business community are doomed to failure. All schemes for large-scale planning which do not provide for the socialization of the relevant sector of an economy come under this heading. On the other hand, there is still one kind of program which a resolute progressive government can carry through without being under the necessity of doing the impossible, that is, without having either to persuade or to force the capitalists to play ball. That is a program of creating employment and raising income through government spending and investment, for the only assumption on which such a program rests is that capitalists will accept all the orders which come their way. This is another way of saying that in a capitalist society the government's power to spend is a real power, while the power to plan in the general welfare is a sham and a delusion.

The foregoing critique of Industrial Expansion should not be taken to imply that "Jobs for All" is not a good book. On the contrary it is an excellent book. Mr. Ezekiel approaches our basic economic problems with a very simple and refreshing preconception: the way to produce more is to produce more. His plan for accomplishing this is in the main sensible, straightforward and extraordinarily well presented. He has illustrated our needs and potentialities with a skillfully chosen array of factual data. The only thing that Mr. Ezekiel has failed to see, and which his readers should bear constantly in mind, is that rational planning to meet our needs and realize our potentialities must wait upon the establishment of an economic order in which men are spurred into action not by the state of a profit-and-loss account but by the aim of a better life for all

[1] Jobs for All Through Industrial Expansion, by Mordecai Eze-

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Fresh Americana

Minstrels of the Mine Patch, by George Korson. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 344 pages. $3.

MR. KORSON tells us: "The anthracite miner is a peculiar creature. As an individual he is unknown. Only collectively does he make his presence felt . . . when a big explosion tears a mine asunder, taking a heavy toll of life. . . . Let a strike threaten our winter comfort and we become acutely aware of him again, but only in the mass."

Robert Forsythe writes that if industrial literature "has to do with an even more fantastic occupation, mining, the average intellectual is completely alienated. The idea of a human being burrowing in the ground for his living is so abhorrent to one who has never worked in a mine that he can only assume that the miner has been driven to his job at the point of a bayonet."

It comes as a pleasant surprise, therefore, to find that after fifteen years' research, Mr. Korson has proved that the miner laughs, sings, loves his Pennsylvania hills, is rude on occasion to his "sweetheart the mule in the mines," and firmly believes that mine rats run out when the savage gas and cruel roof conspire against those who would dig coal from the fast embrace of the rock that has clasped it tight for some millions of years. By story, folksong and narrative, the author has arranged an intelligent and sympathetic introduction to a little known but important segment of American industrial life.

The nostalgic miner, who has tried his luck from Frisco to New Orleans, returns to the coal fields and sings:

> World, I've seen you mostly all,
> Yet you cannot hush the call,
> Of native hills 'round dear old Mount Laffee.

The ballads, throughout the entire collection, are essentially folksongs. Very few of them offend with the emotional incantations that so frequently mark the more literary efforts in local newspapers. Here is an old Patch lad singing:

> Let me go back a slate picker
> Just to be a boy once more,
> Down the lump coal chutes to flicker,
> Rumpety bump and tumble o'er.

Life was harsh for the anthracite miner seventy-five years ago—"stark, bleak and semi-primitive. The wretched company houses kept out neither rain, heat nor cold. They had no plumbing. Water was obtained from a well or from outdoor community hydrants which froze in the winter. Lighting was by tallow candles or kerosene lamps, and streets were dark. Too poor to buy the coal they mined, many workers obtained their fuel from culm banks. Schooling was a luxury. Purchases were made from a company store which generally overcharged its customers. The economic and political life of the little community was in absolute control of the coal operator. Hence, when workers struck, they were starved into submission or forced into exile." John Mitchell came and organized the first successful strike in 1902:

The quiet courage with which the miner faces gas, fire, flood and falling rock, day after day and year after year, and yet fights to preserve such an existence, is sung in a ballad that tells the story of a group of entombed miners starving until they were forced to kill and eat their mule, Harry:

> Then Kinney said, "Harry, you're dead and gone; your life is gone astray,
> But many a hundred cars of coal you've pulled out of this gangway,
> Many a driver's drove you, but now your driving's at an end."
> They hauled him in and shared him fair between the seven men.

Today, bands of wispy minstrels wander up and down the anthracite coal fields, singing at weddings, christenings or in the dingy saloons of the coal towns. Their ballads and music are fascinating but unintelligible to all except their Slavonic and Italian friends. The old Welsh and Irish bards, of whom Mr. Korson writes, have passed on and their sons have turned their backs on the mines for more gentle careers. But I hope and believe that their songs, as collected in "Minstrels of the Mine Patch," will go on living long after the bulk of contemporary literature is forgotten.

ROBERT ALLISON EVANS

Miss Porter and Mr. Todd

Pale Horse, Pale Rider, by Katherine Anne Porter. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.
Over the Mountain, by Ruthven Todd. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IT IS A DEPRESSING PROOF of the inadequacy of the Anglo-American cultural exchange that Miss Porter's name isn't more widely known in England. I am ashamed to confess that, until I opened "Pale Horse, Pale Rider," I had barely heard of her, and had never read any of her works. Here, therefore, are the first impressions of an ignorant foreigner.

It is, perhaps, natural for an Englishman to compare her stories with those of Katherine Mansfield—and not entirely to Miss Porter's disadvantage. Katherine Mansfield had genius, and the failings of genius. She lapses often into sentimentality; her writing is patchy and uneven; many of her effects are shamelessly faked. Miss Porter has no genius but much talent. Her average level is high, and she doesn't let you down. She is more fundamentally serious than Katherine Mansfield, less neurotic, closer to the earth. She is dry-eyed, even in tragedy: when she jokes, she does not smile. You feel you can trust her.

This volume contains three short novels: "Old Mortality," "Noon Wine" and "Pale Horse, Pale Rider" itself. "Old Mortality is about a portrait—the portrait of a certain Aunt Amy who "had been beautiful, much loved, unhappy, and . . . had died young." The legend of Aunt Amy is the whole fairy story of Grown-up Life, as it appears to two little girls, living at the end of the last century. "What is it going to be like?" they wonder, and ask their elders, who lie to them, of course. The years pass, and we meet one of the little girls, Miranda, again. She is now a young married woman. The legend of the portrait, and all it stood for

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Future are equally obscure. Miranda has learnt nothing but mistrust of her informants:

> Let them go on explaining how things happened. I don't care. At least I can know the truth about what happens to me, she assured herself silently, making a promise to herself, in her hopefulness, her ignorance.

"Pale Horse, Pale Rider" is a study in war psychology. It takes place during the later months of 1918. Miranda, a young journalist, is falling in love with Adam, whose regiment is soon due to leave for the front. Miss Porter brilliantly evokes the horror of the time—the din of propaganda, the moral blackmail of the Liberty Bond salesmen, the almost suffocating claustrophobia of a life cramped down within its narrowest limits. As far as the eye can see, there is nothing but war: the two lovers can hardly remember any other kind of existence. Miranda scarcely dares to hope that Adam will survive—and she is right. He dies of influenza, caught while nursing Miranda. When she herself recovers, the Armistice has been signed. She opens her eyes to the new, free, empty life:

> No more war, no more plague, only the dazed silence that follows the ceasing of the heavy guns. . . . Now there would be time for everything.

I liked "Noon Wine" best of these three stories. It is an examination of "the nature of a crime," a subtle, psychological theme handled so directly, so concretely that one is reminded of de Maupassant. Mr. Thompson, owner of a small farm in South Texas, hires a mysterious Swede named Helton, who says that he comes from North Dakota, and has no luggage but a collection of harmonicas. Mr. Helton is a model worker, and the Thompsons congratulate themselves upon their choice. Nine years go by, and one day another stranger arrives at the farm. He, too, is from Dakota, and he is looking for Mr. Helton—to win the reward offered for the recapture of an escaped homicidal maniac. Only an exceedingly skilled writer could have presented the ensuing tragedy so vividly and with such absolute conviction. The characterization is beautifully done, and the farm really comes to life, with all its sounds and smells.

Having praised so much, I pause, and wonder just what it is that prevents me from uttering the final, whole-hearted hurrah. The work of so important an artist as Miss Porter must be judged by the lowest, as well as the highest standards—and, curiously enough, it is by the lowest standards that she fails. She is grave, she is delicate, she is just—but she lacks altogether, for me personally, the vulgar appeal. I cannot imagine that she would ever make me cry, or laugh aloud. No doubt, she would reply that she doesn't want to. But she should want to. I wish she would give herself a little more freely to the reader. I wish she would paint with bolder, broader strokes. I wish she wouldn't be quite so cautious.

Mr. Todd has written a curious fable about a mountain. The Pale Peak forms the natural frontier of the narrator's country (presumably England) and nobody knows what lies beyond. A young man named Michael determines to find out. After enduring the most terrible dangers and hardships, he gets across (or imagines he gets across) to inhabitants "seemed to be emphasized versions of the sort of people I could vaguely remember in my country, like caricatures of their types and professions. Everything they said seemed to be slightly in excess."

It must be admitted that this quotation implies a just criticism of the author's method of writing this book. The characters we meet on the other side of the mountain are "slightly in excess" of their English counterparts, and that is all. "Father Podmore" and "Colonel Roscoe" are little more than crude cartoonist's comics. If this was what Mr. Todd wanted us to laugh at, one cannot help feeling that the whole mechanism of his satire is unnecessarily complicated. Nevertheless, his story, read simply as a story, is highly exciting. I particularly enjoyed his description of Michael's climb over the Peak; and of his adventures with the mentally deficient police, who are easily lured from their duties by a promise of candy. Mr. Todd certainly has a gift for narrative. If his next book is a realistic novel, it ought to be a great success. CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

Mrs. Wilson's Story

My Memoir, by Edith Bolling Wilson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 396 pages. $3.50.

MRS. WILSON has written a book that is consistently interesting and, in some respects, of historical importance. If she appears as a woman to whom clothes are of great significance and to whom Woodrow Wilson was a doting husband unfortunately burdened with a shockingly heavy load of work, that is not a disadvantage to truth. Rather it contributes to the convincing reality of the narrative and of the people who are at the center of it.

Edith Bolling Galt Wilson was born in post-Civil War Virginia and reared under circumstances not so very different from those of her future husband. By her own account, she had no interest in politics before meeting Woodrow Wilson and yet, if her narrative is to be taken at face value, she acted as though she were an old hand at the game from the very beginning of her association with him. One of her earliest political acts was to point out to Wilson how advantageous it was to have William Jennings Bryan resign (a position few historians will today accept); she seems to have had more than a little to do with the split between Wilson and House; and she capped her antagonism for Lansing by seeing to it that the President dismissed him for insubordination. If motives are to be sought, I think she never thought much about Bryan and his policies, felt that House was trying to build himself into history at Wilson's expense, and genuinely detested Lansing's repeated acts of disloyalty—not to mention her firm conviction that he was too small a man for his job.

The pageantry of Wilson's tours of England, France, Italy and Belgium impressed Mrs. Wilson no end, and indeed it is not easy to read of it without a certain wonderment. So high did Wilson and the country he represented rise! The fall is less easy to dramatize, but some of the reasons for it are in Mrs. Wilson's book. In Italy the Italian police dispersed a huge crowd in Rome rather than let the magic of Wilson's rhetoric [illegible]

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away from him on the same grounds. The tribute to Wilson was the tribute of the masses. The defeat he experienced came at the hands of the ruling classes. They felt they had won the War, and by the old Harry, they were not going to let the victory be dissipated by that old Presbyterian idealist! This view, of course, merely skates the surface of the difficulties involved. For some curious reason Mrs. Wilson seems to feel that Wilson did rather better in Europe than in the United States. Over here he could not vanquish that old rascal Henry Cabot Lodge and such henchmen as that double-dyed rascal, Albert B. Fall. In short, Mrs. Wilson sees the story in terms of personalities—which makes an excellent story.

The breakdown of Wilson on his Western tour is told in genuinely dramatic fashion. One feels most intimately the faltering and final collapse of a man moved by a powerful purpose. Of her position after the President's shock, Mrs. Wilson writes plainly:

I studied every paper, sent from the different secretaries or Senators, and tried to digest and present in tabloid form the things that, despite my vigilance, had to go to the President. I, myself, never made a single decision regarding the disposition of public affairs. The only decision that was mine was what was important and what was not, and the *very* important decision of when to present matters to my husband.

Necessarily the final years of the story move at a slower pace. The disintegration of a once great man is not pleasant material for a story, but Mrs. Wilson bravely refuses to slide over the dreadful details. About the only truly cheerful note in the last pages of the book is that which brings in the Hardings—Mrs. Harding "wearing a dark dress, a hat with blue feathers, and her cheeks highly rouged," and Warren G. himself sitting "in an armchair with one leg thrown over the arm." I, for one, found Mrs. Wilson's womanly malice utterly delightful. C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

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Monads—on the Make

Reality, by Paul Weiss. Princeton University Press. 314 pages. $3.50.

IN A REVIEW of John Dewey's "Logic" (New Republic, November 23, 1938) Mr. Weiss writes:

He grounds the acts of inquiry in the movement of the organism from a state of disequilibrium to one of recovered equilibrium with respect to an environment. But if that pulsational process did not have its roots in the nature of inorganic things as well, his basic "principle of continuity" would be violated and organisms would be made into a special kingdom within a kingdom of nature, forcing a radical break between the sciences of biology and physics.

Mr. Weiss here touches upon a basic problem of philosophic strategy, and from an angle that may help us to characterize his own book. For in "Reality," his ingenious work on epistemology and ontology, he would confront the issue that he accuses Professor Dewey of slighting. He would move by transformations from the realm of physics to the realm of biology, and would do so without violating the *lex continui* (that is, without the intervention of a miracle, a mutation veiled in an ambiguity).

I can think of but two ways of fulfilling such conditions. You can keep the two realms together by either physicizing your biology or biologizing your physics. Mr. Weiss seems to prefer the latter. And having put a biology implicitly into his physics at the start, he has no trouble in drawing it forth explicitly at the appropriate moment. He contrives this by treating both physical and biological processes in terms of a biological metaphor: the metaphor of eating, of digestion, of assimilation. Individuals, both organic and inorganic, seek to attain self-completion by incorporating external beings.

We might add a third realm: the realm of ethics. And applying our pattern, we should then hold that the philosopher may preserve continuity of realms by ethicizing physics and biology, physicizing biology and ethics, or biologizing physics and ethics. Mr. Weiss seems to remain loyal to his biological metaphor, by applying it to this third realm as well.

"To be is to be incomplete." And to be incomplete is to strive to be complete by the assimilation of all others than oneself. "The universe is one where multiple unique beings endeavor to become the Absolute in unique and opposing ways." Every being, either organic or inorganic, "at every instant is at a stage analogous to that ascribed by Leibniz to his monads, but every one endeavors to pass beyond that stage in the effort to achieve the state ascribed by Leibniz to his God."

This monadology differs significantly from Leibniz's in that there is no harmony among the monads, preëstablished by God. Perhaps we might even say that Mr. Weiss has

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monopoly, within a marketplace of mutual checks and balances provided by all the other individuals similarly striving, within the means and limitations peculiar to their natures.

Leibniz characterized his monads as "without windows." Their development was internal, with God accounting for the harmonic interrelationships whereby these internal developments amounted to external interaction. Mr. Weiss, considering this introduction of a common ground as a mere *deus ex machina* to save an otherwise faltering explanation, gives us instead a plurality of individual universes interacting by an overlapping of their "virtual regions." Also, in this way, he avoids the picture of the world as illusory, that arises in such philosophies as Schopenhauer's, positing a single, absolute striving of which each individual will is but a fragment. The individual's striving is real, independent, unique, in accordance with its intrinsic nature. Hence, these are monads with windows, with a view, even a point of view, looking out upon a public world, and seeking to get along in the real opportunities and resistances that the world offers.

Though Mr. Weiss would ground his structure of thinking on the law of contradiction, this does not prevent him, as he approaches ethical problems, from introducing a very cute concept, "privational possession," composed by an incongruity. One can "privationally possess" what one does not have. And, conversely: "It is perfectly possible to eat one's cake and have it too." By knowledge we attain vicarious perfection, as we may, in knowing the structure of the universe, thus vicariously or privationally possess nothing less than this universe entire. But one must *live* his knowledge in action, "until one's mind permeates one's body." Only by thus "infecting ourselves with our knowledge" can we "achieve the only possible perfection open to man."

I regret that, in thus trying to report the main features of Mr. Weiss's picture, I have been unable to exhibit the many subtle and suggestive details encountered *en route*. I refer to such matters as his advance from quest to question; his treatment of the circularity in the relation between epistemology and ontology; his systematic placing of the arts and sciences with relation to his total scheme; and his crucial chapter on "Mellontological Causation." But the book is hard going. Mr. Weiss spins a very fine web of internally adjusted descriptions, and the reader must work very hard if he would be caught in this web—otherwise, he will rip the fabric with inattention and fall through, like a clumsy wasp that blundered into a trap laid for gnats.

KENNETH BURKE

New Books: A Reader's List

DEMOCRACY AND SOCIALISM, by Arthur Rosenberg (Knopf, $3.50). A critical inquiry into the origin and evolution of these two systems. From historical data, the author shows that the greatest weakness of democracy is its incapacity to deal with foreign affairs, militarism and bureaucratic machines. He believes, however, that not democracy "as such" (which never existed), but only "liberal" democracy has been defeated in recent developments, and that self-government of the people must re-

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EZRA POUND: Culture. $2.50

YVOR WINTERS: Maule's Curse. Essays on Hawthorne, Melville, Cooper, Emily Dickinson, Henry James, etc. $3.00.

KAY BOYLE: A Glad Day. Miss Boyle's poetry, $2.00

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AN UNFINISHED LIFE, by Ruth St. Denis (Harpers, $3.75). A two-sided autobiography: a record of the important work done by the famous American dancer and an almost painfully clinical report of what a high-strung, talented girl from New Jersey goes through when nothing satisfies but the Cosmic. The title means that Miss St. Denis has begun life anew with the Oxford Group. Not well written or edited. Interesting photographs.

THE RISING, by Myrtle Johnston (Appleton-Century, $2.50). The tragi-comic muddles of old Ireland, the conspiracies, the fiddlers, the Fenians and the informers, and the old faith in American intervention, provide the background for the romantic story of Wolfe Darragh, who fought among the Fenians in the American Civil War and returned to fight for liberation in his native land.

JUBAL TROOP, by Paul I. Wellman (Carrick and Evans, $2.75). The hero here gallops thunderously through the Southwest of the nineties, with stopovers for everything from banditry to oil prospecting; also a last-minute reunion with the One Woman. As is all too frequent in such novels, stock figures and loose writing squander a really superb background.

Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD, London correspondent for The New Republic, is widely known as a writer on history, economics and international affairs.

REINHOLD HANISCH was a Bohemian German (Sudeten) but an Austrian citizen. He was arrested in Vienna in 1936, after it had become known that he had written his memoir of Hitler and was attempting to find a publisher. Three days later he died in prison.

PAUL RADIN is a student and teacher of anthropology who has held fellowships from Columbia, Harvard and Yale and taught at various universities. He lives in Berkeley, California. His books include "The Racial Myth" and "Primitive Religion."

PETER BLUME's painting, "South of Scranton," was given first prize at the Carnegie International Exhibition in 1934. Artists and art societies have recently protested the rejection of his anti-Fascist painting, "The Eternal City," for the sixteenth biennial exhibition of the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D. C.

PAUL M. SWEEZY is an instructor in Economics at Harvard University and a co-author of "An Economic Program for American Democracy," recently published by the Vanguard Press.

ROBERT ALLISON EVANS is a consulting mining engineer of New York and Scranton, Pennsylvania, whose poems on the anthracite miners have been widely published.

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD, author of "The Last of Mr. Norris" and co-author of three plays with W. H. Auden, has just published a new book of stories, "Goodbye to Berlin" (Random House).

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN recently returned from two years in Australia on a grant from the Carnegie Corporation, during which he lectured and collected material for a book on the Australian Commonwealth.

KENNETH BURKE has written a number of books, among them "Permanence and Change," a social psychology, and "Attitudes Toward History," an outline of political, economic and esthetic interrelationships.

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